

THE SUNDAY TIMES

NEWS DIGEST

8 AUGUST 1971

ledad supporters ket offices

H supporters of Angela Davis and the "Soledad Brothers" picketed the offices of the American Express Company in Haymarket yesterday—the anniversary of the courthouse shooting in San Francisco, which sparked off the trial controversy. A spokeswoman said: "Our object is to remind the public of American tourists visiting the United States and what is happening in their home country." The picketing was in support of the Soledad Brothers—three black inmates of Soledad Prison in California—accused of murdering a white prison guard. One of the "Brothers", a black militant, is facing trial of supplying guns to Jonathan Jackson, one of the "Brothers", for the attempt to take hostages at the court last August and get the trio released. Birth of a racial vendetta—page 17

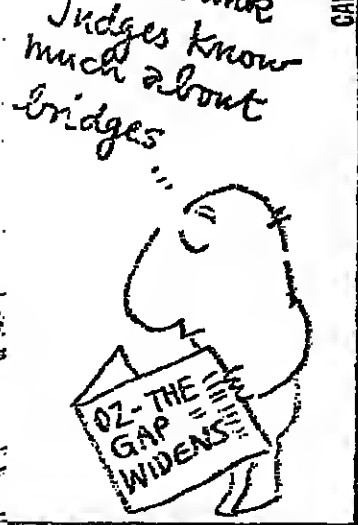
al Navy frigate dows Heath

DAUNTED, a Royal Navy frigate, was yesterday, along with 232 sailing ships, the 60th in the final of this year's Admirals Cup competition. The frigate, HMS *Dauntless*, is the British team. The Defence Secretary said the warship was shadowing the arrangement with the Prime Minister. When Morning Cloud rounds the Lizard, HMS *Dauntless* will be in Irish waters. Only 10 miles away on Cork coast, the IRA blew up a Royal Navy ship earlier this year. Heath is expected to cross the Plymouth line on Wednesday. Muriel Bowen.

most ideal' for silo splashdown

15 astronauts Scott, Irwin and others were awakened from their last space sleep yesterday to the tune of the Hawaiian song, "Rise and shine, it's splashdown time." Astronaut Joe Allen told of Houston.

They raced through space at 5,000 feet per second, making final preparations, Lt. Swan, meteorological officer aboard every ship USS *Okinawa*, reported own conditions north of Hawaii as "ideal."—Agencies.



Ten-derness?

PLE had sexual intercourse on a New York-Sydney flight in full view of passengers, according to a report in the magazine *Horizon*. The couple, sitting six rows apart, threatened to sue the BOAC when, after complaints from passengers, could not allow this sort of action. The couple later settled down and of no further action was taken, but a official declined to say whether this approval or disapproval of passengers is their own in-flight entertainment.

I Siroco prosecuted

TEL SIROCO is being prosecuted by Portuguese tourist office after complaints from British tourists that facilities match those described in the *Clarke's Holiday* magazine. The hotel, at Olhao in April, is used exclusively for tourists. A director, Mr Colin Collins, yesterday said: "We have no comment to Anne Robinson."

Brown's cash traced

With sledgehammers smashed bricked-up fireplace in a shop being in Sydney, Australia, yesterday for around £100,000 of the £250,000. The shop was used by a Mr Brown in return for information about the place of a bomb aboard a 727 flight. Hoax—AP.

ies found in loch

DIES of two London students were found from Loch Assapoll, Isle of Mull, by the two, who had gone out in a boat on Friday, were Stuart Murray, 17, of Granville Road, North and Michael Burbridge, 18, of Road, North Finchley.

aising suspected

RGH police said yesterday that they had a "wilful fire-raising" caused at the premises of James Thin, a bookseller, late on Friday. Plans had to flee their top-floor flats, and books were destroyed.

h reports aid offer

SMITH, of Rhodesia, said yesterday aid had offered financial aid for the rent of African areas in Rhodesia if peace dispute was settled. But he denied reports that he was offered £100m aid as the price of a settlement.—Reuters.

-in Manchester

Of Bass Charrington's 300 pubs in the Manchester area were closed by a strike of 150 Manchester production workers over bonuses and temporary labour. Many others had to shut down today, when most pubs will be without draught beer.



A paternal kiss from former Defence Minister Denis Healey, implanted on the brow of his 22-year-old daughter Jenny after her wedding yesterday in St Pancras Register Office, London. Derek Copsey, a graphic designer, was the groom.

Did innocent man die? Army alters sniper story

By Sunday Times Reporters

A MAN shot dead by a soldier in Belfast yesterday was killed by mistake, according to eye-witnesses. They say troops probably mistook two back-fires by the man's van as gunshots aimed at them. The Army changed its version of the incident after eye-witnesses' comments became known.

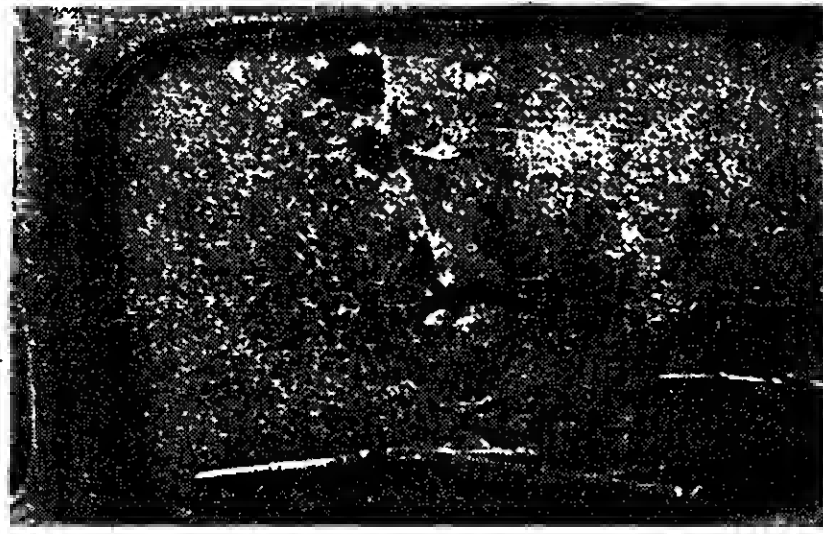
The shooting took place after the van passed through an Army barrier near the Springfield Road police station. The dead man was named as Mr Harry Thornton, of Tully Donnell Cottages, near Newtown Hamilton, Co Armagh, a father of six. A passenger in the van was later questioned by the police.

The Army put out two different versions of the shooting. The first one said: "Two shots were fired from a passing car and sentries returned two rounds. The vehicle was caught in traffic further up the road. When security forces reached it they found one man dead and another was taken into custody."

The second version made no mention of shots from the van. It said: "There was a shooting incident at Springfield Road Royal Ulster Constabulary Station. A car which had halted was moving off when troops fired. Two men were found in the car, one of whom was dead. The incident is now under investigation."

The Army found no guns, ammunition or explosives in the van. The new gelignite "sniffer" was used in the search. There were two bullet holes in the windscreen and a bloodstained cushion was found.

Eye-witness accounts of the shooting differed widely. According to some versions, a soldier ran along the footpath after the van and shot through the windscreen as it stopped at the traffic lights. Another account said that the shot



Shattered front-window of the van: one man died but versions differ how

that killed Mr Thornton was fired by an Army sentry positioned on a roof-top somewhere between the traffic lights and the police station. The dead man's foreman, Mr Louis McGuinness, 40, from Fork Hill, near Newry, Co. Down, said he was about 20 yards behind the van when the soldier fired. He said that Mr Thornton and some other workmen were driving to work at a sewage works in Comber, 15 miles from Belfast.

"I did not hear any back-fire from the van, although there could have been," he said. "But there certainly were no any shots fired." The same man had travelled down the same road every morning at the same time for the past three or four months.

Mr Rick Schreuder, 34, a lorry driver, said he was looking out of his bedroom window when a soldier "pumped two rounds into the back of the van. But I believe that it only back-fired."

Mr Kevin O'Gorman, 49, said the Army did not challenge the men in the van before shooting. "I

three mile Apprentice Boys' parade which takes place on Thursday. The organisers were told that the marchers must not approach the city walls, sections of which overlook the explosive Catholic Bogside area. A few streets at the start and end of the march have also been excluded, but most of the route remains unaltered.

Dr Russell Abernethy, governor of the Apprentice Boys Order, and a former Londonderry city Medical Officer of Health said: "It is unfortunate that it has been felt necessary for any restriction to be imposed."

Muriel Bowen writes: One Ulster Minister and two junior Ministers are "very seriously" considering resigning from the Government if Mr Brian Faulkner, the Prime Minister bans Thursday's parade in Londonderry. A Unionist MP at Westminster told me: "If the march is banned, it will be the end of viable government in Northern Ireland, and the Prime Minister knows that."

General Sir Harry Tuzo, Army Commander in Northern Ireland, yesterday repeated his statement of a week ago calling for a "voluntary renunciation" of all parades including that of the Apprentice Boys "for perfectly obvious reasons." His visit to Downing Street and events of the past few days, had not made him change his mind, he said.

Moderate Catholics see the refusal to ban the march as the end of the three-year British bipartisan attitude to Northern Ireland. More seriously, they see the ignoring of General Tuzo, at a time when lives are at stake, as a breach of the Downing Street agreement of August 1969. The communiqué accompanying that agreement said: "The General Officer Commanding, Northern Ireland will, with immediate effect, assume overall responsibility for security operations."

In Londonderry yesterday, police ordered changes in the traditional

Secrets of the poverty code

INSIGHT

THOUSANDS of men are officially labelled "work-shy" every year despite official denials that such a classification exists.

This is just one revelation in an Insight investigation into the way £500 million a year is disbursed as supplementary benefits. The full report on the secret "A" code is on page 9.

The investigation shows how a secret decision was taken in 1968 which reduced the rights of thousands of people receiving supplementary benefits. The then Minister of State at the Department of Health and Social Security, David Ennals, admitted last week that he was unaware of the new restriction.

Insight has tracked down a battery of secret regulations, many in documents whose existence has never been made known, yet which daily influence the livelihoods of the four million people subsisting near or below the poverty line.

One document—the secret "AX" Code—details methods of fraud detection and shows how benefits can be cut or withdrawn without proof of fraud, and without the suspect even having been confronted with all the evidence against him.

The investigation indicates that many of the individual complaints against officials disbursing supplementary benefits do not, as was widely thought, stem from individual maladministration, but from a deep-seated malaise in the system as a whole.

Full story, page 9

Luxury of Sueded Calf.

Beautifully tailored trenchcoat for town or country in supple sueded calf. Top stitching emphasises seaming detail. Raspberry, Midnight, Chocolate, or Black. Sizes 10-16 £54. From the Suede and Leather Shop, first floor.



Overcrowded peers in takeover bid for Queen's Westminster apartments

By James Margach
Political Correspondent

BRITAIN'S PEERS want more room to meet and talk in. So their lordships have launched a takeover bid: they want full possession for 364 days of the year of what the Queen uses for less than 24 hours—the royal apartments at Westminster.

The take-over manifesto is the essence of tact. "We are aware," say their lordships in a Select Committee report published today, "that this part of the Palace of Westminster is reserved for the Queen and that no steps could be taken without prior consultation through the Lord Great Chamberlain..." But their grumbles about overcrowding and overwork rumble through it like distant thunder.

The desirable properties sought by the peers consist of the Robing Room, more commonly known as the Throne Room, and the Royal Gallery. And their envious eyes, though at longer range, are fixed on the King's Room too.

The only time the Queen uses the Robing Room and Royal Gallery is when, once a year, she makes her visit to Westminster for the state opening of Parliament. They are among the biggest and most splendid apartments in the Palace.



The Royal Gallery, Westminster: wanted by the expansionist peerage

Specification—The Throne Room: used by the Queen for putting on her robes of state and the imperial crown. Length 54ft, width 37ft, height 25ft. Special features: a throne on a dais. Previous use: a meeting place for the House of Lords when the Commons building was bombed during the war and MPs had to use the Lords' chamber. Now mainly a show place for visitors.

What the peers want: the use of the apartment as a committee room by the Lord Chairman or by select committees instead of Committee Room "C."

that they want her Majesty to continue using the royal apartments on Westminster's big day.

What has provoked their Lordships into their take-over bid is the serious overcrowding at Westminster caused by the creation of so many life peers who are more enthusiastic than most hereditary peers when it comes to attending debates. "There is no place provided for peers to take guests except into bars," says the report.

Eating facilities are poor, too. On big debate days, peers—helping themselves from sideboards—are forced to operate a double-shift system.

But it is not only more breathing space that the Select Committee urge in their report. Other suggested reforms are: regular Monday sittings to extend the working week and more "mini" debates on special subjects. There is also a proposal for special clocks in the chamber which show how long a peer has been on his feet, with a warning light to tell that he shows signs of outstaying his welcome.

Not scheduled for reform in the report: the sumptuous lavatories of the peeresses. One prominent peer recalls that they are of such Victorian grandeur that American ladies, accustomed to the utilitarian plumbing back home, have been known to swoon at sight of them.



SCOOPI!

CLIVE JENKINS
I ACCUSE

Another in the series on history as news.

COLOUR MAGAZINE

WHAT'S IN
STORE FOR
THE LAST-
MINUTE
SUMMER
SHOPPER?

LOOK! 22

ATTICUS at Cowes 11

IAN NAIRN'S
IMPROVEMENT COLUMN 16

GRAHAM GREENE

The author of
18 novels
(Brighton
Rock, The
Heart of the
Matter, etc.),
his first pub-
lished in 1926, has completed
"A Sort of Life," his own re-
vealing story of his early life up
to the time he became a pro-
fessional novelist.

The first of three long extracts
—telling of his strange, suicide-
obsessed schooldays, his under-
graduate flirtation with the
world of espionage, his con-
version to Roman Catholicism,
his days during the General
Strike as a sub-editor on the
Times—appears next Sunday in

THE SUNDAY TIMES WEEKLY REVIEW

Letters 6, Degree Service 6,
Motoring 10, Weather 16, Who's
on this weekend 16, Travel 18,
Gardening 22, Ernestine Carter 23,
Crossword & Brain-teaser 26.

TV Guide for the Week 28

Sunday Times prices overseas:

Republic of Ireland ... 10s
Austria ... A.Sch. 10s
Belgium ... B.F. 10s
Canada ... C. 10s
Denmark ... D. 10s
France ... F. 10s
Germany ... G. 10s
Italy ... I. 10s
Japan ... J. 10s
Netherlands ... N. 10s
Norway ... O. 10s
Portugal ... P. 10s
Spain ... S. 10s
Sweden ... S. 10s
Switzerland ... S. 10s
USA ... U.S. 10s
West Germany ... W. 10s
Yugoslavia ... Y. 10s

Postage paid at New York

Printed by the Times Newspapers Ltd

London: Printed by the Times Newspapers Ltd

Printed by the Times Newspapers Ltd

Printed by the Times Newspapers Ltd

Printed by the Times Newspapers Ltd

Printed by the Times Newspapers Ltd

Printed by the Times Newspapers Ltd

Printed by the Times Newspapers Ltd

Printed by the Times Newspapers Ltd

Printed by the Times Newspapers Ltd

Printed by the Times Newspapers Ltd

Printed by the Times Newspapers Ltd

Printed by the Times Newspapers Ltd

Printed by the Times Newspapers Ltd

Printed by the Times Newspapers Ltd

Printed by the Times Newspapers Ltd

Printed by the Times Newspapers Ltd

Printed by the Times Newspapers Ltd

Printed by the Times Newspapers Ltd

Printed by the Times Newspapers Ltd

Printed by the Times Newspapers Ltd

Printed by the Times Newspapers Ltd

Printed by the Times Newspapers Ltd

Printed by the Times Newspapers Ltd

Printed by the Times Newspapers Ltd

Printed by the Times Newspapers Ltd

Printed by the Times Newspapers Ltd

Printed by the Times Newspapers Ltd

Printed by the Times Newspapers Ltd

Printed by the Times Newspapers Ltd

Printed by the Times Newspapers Ltd

Printed by the Times Newspapers Ltd

Printed by the Times Newspapers Ltd

Printed by the Times Newspapers Ltd

Printed by the Times Newspapers Ltd

Printed by the Times Newspapers Ltd

Printed by the Times Newspapers Ltd

Printed by the Times Newspapers Ltd

Printed by the Times Newspapers Ltd

Printed by the Times Newspapers Ltd

Printed by the Times Newspapers Ltd

Printed by the Times Newspapers Ltd

Printed by the Times Newspapers Ltd

Printed by the Times Newspapers Ltd

Printed by the Times Newspapers Ltd

Printed by the Times Newspapers Ltd

Printed by the Times Newspapers Ltd

Printed by the Times Newspapers Ltd

Printed by the Times Newspapers Ltd

Printed by the Times Newspapers Ltd

Printed by the Times Newspapers Ltd

Printed by the Times Newspapers Ltd

Printed by the Times Newspapers Ltd

Printed by the Times Newspapers Ltd

Printed by the Times Newspapers Ltd

Printed by the Times Newspapers Ltd

Printed by the Times Newspapers Ltd

Printed by the Times Newspapers Ltd

Printed by the Times Newspapers Ltd

Printed by the Times Newspapers Ltd

Printed by the Times Newspapers Ltd

Printed by the Times Newspapers Ltd

Printed by the Times Newspapers Ltd

Printed by the Times Newspapers Ltd

Printed by the Times Newspapers Ltd

Printed by the Times Newspapers Ltd

How a Turkish peasant got rich on cracked pots

By Patricia Connor and Kenneth Pearson

THE MAN the Turks arrested last week on a charge of forging neolithic ceramics, some of them now in the British Museum, is the same man who led the world to Hacilar, the site of the first-known painted pottery—7,200 years old.

Police describe the man, Sevkettin Cetinkaya, as of no specific occupation. Cetinkaya was the peasant who guided the British archaeologist James Mellaart to the site in 1956. Ten years later he was a businessman of independent means, owning one or more blocks of flats and a travel agency in the nearby town of Burdur.

In 1956, James Mellaart was touring Central Turkey as a young archaeological student, surveying and mapping potential excavation sites. One morning in Burdur he heard that a local chauffeur had some curious painted pots for sale. Mellaart bought two and took them at once to the Ankara Museum where they caused a great stir. Nothing like them had been seen before.

The chauffeur, Sevkettin Cetinkaya, later took Mellaart to the site at Hacilar, 15 miles west of Burdur, and in 1958 the archaeologist began to uncover the site. Four years later when lack of money cut short his dig, Mellaart had completed his excavation of the occupation site, but the cemetery, where unbroken pots buried with the dead would be found, remained untouched.

Subsequent robberies from this cemetery were later thought to have supplied the world with its more recently-acquired Hacilar pottery.

It was in 1966 that we, investigating another archaeological mystery in Turkey, came across Cetinkaya's tracks in Burdur. It was clear from our investigations that certain Turkish collectors in Istanbul and Konya were being fed their Hacilar trophies by this one-time peasant.

At Hacilar itself we had been approached by villagers who thought we were tourists and offered a selection of so-called grave goods. In the light of recent evidence, there is no doubt that some of the objects, if not all, were forgeries. There was a painted goddess on offer for £200, a painted pot for £160, a greenstone chisel head (£70), and a baobab of neolithic beads (£40). We refused them all, but managed to get a photograph of the pot.

Later that day in Burdur we searched for Sevkettin Cetinkaya. We found his brother Ali in the bazaar. Ali was a caricature of a shifty man: fat, with a thick hair, eyes always on the move. "Have you a car?" he asked. "I will take you to Sevkettin." As our driver was about to ease our Chevrolet away from the kerb, the back door of the car was flung open by Ali, and he disappeared down the street. Five seconds later the car was full of policemen. We had been arrested.

At Burdur's police station we were questioned by the chief of police. The police suspected us of having had dealings with the Hacilar thieves (or is it forgers?). We told the police that we too were trying to uncover the smugglers' trail.

"Why were you asking for Sevkettin Cetinkaya?" asked the police chief. "We had some questions to ask him." "What sort of questions?" "How do you get so rich in Burdur, for instance?" The police station rang with laughter.

"Why don't you pick Cetinkaya up instead of us?" we asked. The police chief raised his shoulders in a gesture of despair. "We've never caught him with anything. And a lot of the time we've had two of our best men trailing him, but..."

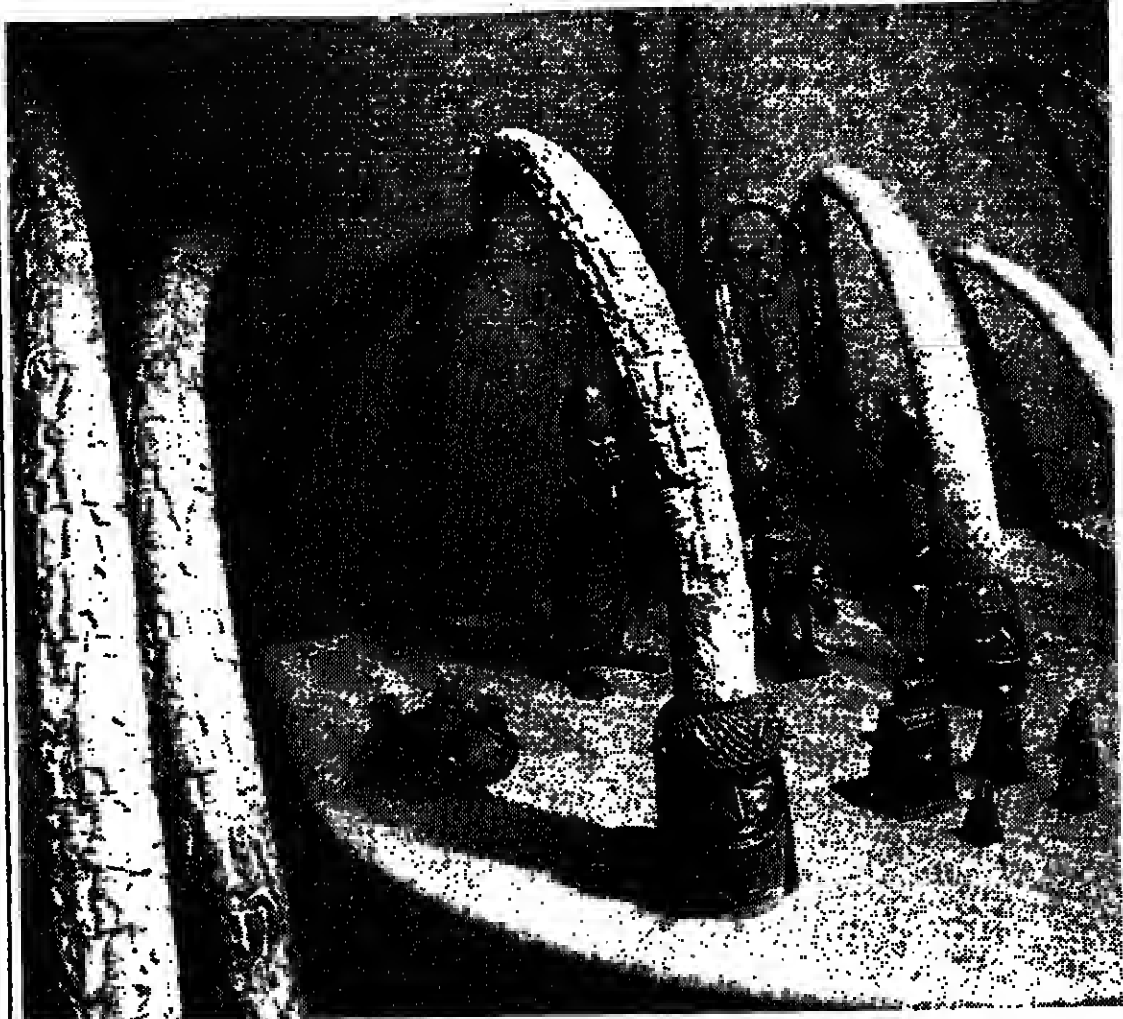
Now, five years later, they have caught Cetinkaya with something. In a raid on his home, security forces found 54 authentic archaeological objects and a further 23 which they allege are forged.

Democracy at stake says ex-Minister

NOT ONLY our prosperity, but the effectiveness of our democracy was at stake in joining the Common Market, said Mr Peter Shore, a former Minister of Economic Affairs, in Falmouth yesterday.

As part of the terms of entry, the Government had already agreed to allow the European Community the most extraordinary rights in relation to the British people—the right to impose taxes upon them.

Not only had the Government agreed to alienate the yield of all customs duties Britain now collects, but it had undertaken to impose a levy on imported food and a 1 per cent added-value tax, which would belong to the EEC.



Part of the Benin display: empty tusk stand (on table, left) is where the tusk went bang

Bang goes an ivory tusk in the British Museum's hot-air explosion

By Philip Jacobson

ON A HOT, sticky day about two weeks ago, the enveloping calm of the British Museum's new ethnography gallery in Burlington Gardens was abruptly shattered by a loud bang. It came from room 14 where the Museum's magnificent collection of ancient bronzes from Benin in Nigeria is being fully displayed for the first time in more than 200 years. The shaken attendants discovered that one of the great carved ivory elephant tusks which form part of the Benin display had split almost from end to end. The noise, one witness recalls, "was like a pistol shot."

The tusk was hastily carted away for examination in the department's laboratory. It seems, happily, that the damage may not be irreparable. But the incident will almost certainly have much wider repercussions.

Last Friday, the Department of the Environment, which is re-

sponsible for public buildings, conceded in guarded terms that it is found that particularly exhibits require rather special conditions and the appropriate measures are being taken to provide them.

The implication that the problem has just emerged is, to say the least, surprising. Ethnographic, the scientific description of the customs, habits and differences between races, has always posed special problems for museums: many items in ethnographic collections are made from organic materials like wood, cloth or animal hide, which are subject to natural deterioration. And ivory has always been considered among the most vulnerable materials.

The decision, last December, to show the Benin collection, entirely "in the open"—rather than behind glass—worried some experts. Invisible proximity alarms took care of security but factory way to protect this unique collection against "natural" damage from a hostile atmosphere. Having stored the treasures away for years because they could not safely be displayed in the old ethnography gallery, it now appeared that the Museum was changing its mind in the untried surroundings of Burlington Gardens. The explosive accident to the Benin tusk, almost certainly caused by excessive heat and dryness in Room 14, confirmed these misgivings.

Constant conflict

There is, in all great museums, a constant conflict between the desire to show their treasures as widely and naturally as possible and the need for conservation. In practice this means protecting them against the risk of damage which is inseparable from public exhibition.

At the British Museum feelings have in the past run very high over this issue. A couple of years ago two senior men threatened to resign in protest against plans to have a pair of fairly ordinary, easily replaceable pots on display outside the usual glass case. This was in a brand-new air-conditioned gallery, possibly the best in conservation terms, in the whole Museum.

The Benin display, a mock-up of a Nigerian king's palace, is in vastly different surroundings. Burlington Gardens, formerly the home of the Civil Service Commission, is a solid, 19th-century building, near Piccadilly Circus. The Ethnography Department moved there last year, after a £200,000 conversion by the Department of the Environment.

It was a great day for the ethnographers. For years their department had been the poorest housed in the British Museum. Their old gallery was far too small, hopelessly cluttered with everything from giant war canoes to primitive death masks. Even then, only a tiny percentage of Ethnography's 750,000 individual items was shown; the rest were ignominiously stored in an East London warehouse.

Understandably, the Department was eager to dislodge its prize items and get them on show in the new, bigger gallery.

The Benin collection is perhaps the most spectacular of all: it is literally priceless but its theoretical value is shown by the £21,000 that a single small head fetched at Sotheby's in 1969. The collection was a big draw when the gallery opened last December; its impact was undoubtedly increased by the decision of Mr William Fagg, the Ethnography keeper, to show it "in the open."

The big danger to ethnographic collections is atmospheric humidity. Organic materials such as ivory and wood absorb water from the air, and can also release moisture if the air gets too dry. The effect, even on a highly durable material like ivory, can be disastrous: warping, swelling, shrinking and cracking sets in surprisingly quickly. The British Museum's central laboratory has, on numerous occasions, had to provide emergency treatment for ivory in its collections. As a result, a broadly recognised zone of correct humidity and temperature levels for ivory has gradually emerged. The rule of thumb is that ivory should be kept at around 50 to 55 per cent humidity; it should normally never drop under 50 per cent.

There are no problems if the items are shown in closed glass cases: you just stick a simple device to measure humidity inside and, if it moves outside the acceptable zones, you either increase or cut down the moisture level. Many of the Ethnography Department's exhibits are maintained this way.

But the Benin collection—out to the open—is particularly vulnerable to the stresses imposed by the design of Burlington Gardens. The building consists mainly of a series of inter-connecting rooms with little access to fresh air. Room 14 has no windows at all. To make things worse, a big gap between the original roof (part of it believed to be tin) and a false ceiling installed for the Museum has created, in the words of an experienced museum designer, "a miniature oven." Air trapped in the space gets steadily hotter and dryer and quickly raises the temperature of the room below. On one particularly sunny afternoon recently the heat in Room 14 was sufficiently intense to send one of the attendants fast asleep.

The simple solution to the Museum's problem would, of course, be air conditioning: all the best ethnographic collections in America are in air-conditioned galleries (though this is as much for visitors' comfort as protection of exhibits).

Fitting full air-conditioning into an old building like Burlington Gardens would be dreadfully expensive: the Field Museum in Chicago is spending over \$2 million (£326,000) getting its own environmental control system right and other top galleries like the Metropolitan in New York lay out small fortunes every year on conservation.

The British Museum naturally asked for air conditioning but the Department of the Environment turned it down so too costly. But without it, or without, at the very least, an extensive humidity control system throughout the building, the Ethnography Department's dedicated conservation officer will dread the coming of summer every year.

Fish prices threatened by Iceland

By Tom Halfpenny

BRITAIN'S housewives will have to pay considerably more for fish if Iceland extends the fishing limit around her coast from 50 to 70 miles, instead of 12. Iceland told a United Nations committee at Geneva on Friday that she would change the limit not later than September next year.

A spokesman for the Ministry of Agriculture, Fisheries and Food said yesterday: "A considerable rise in prices could not be avoided until new sources of supply were found."

A new 50-mile limit would deny the best fishing grounds to our deep-sea fleet. It would cut down our fishing efforts and make supplies of cod and haddock very difficult to obtain. Our fleet would have to go further afield to get supplies and that would increase operating costs considerably. It could also mean having to build larger trawlers."

Mr Charles Meek, chief executive of the White Fish Authority, said: "This is a grave threat to our distant water fishing industry. It could really be a total calamity and would mean a sharp rise in prices."

A Foreign Office spokesman said yesterday: "There is a bilateral agreement between Iceland and Britain on fishing limits. The British Government reserves its rights under this agreement, including the right to refer any dispute to the International Court at The Hague."

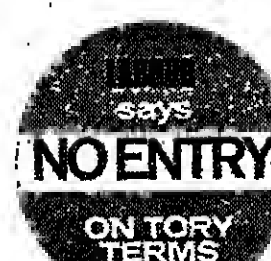
"This new move is a declaration of intent, but a lot of things can happen between now and September, 1972."

Labour get Six sign

LABOUR has adapted the old "No entry" traffic warning, with its pillar-box-red background, as the symbol for its anti-Common Market campaign, writes James Margach. It will be used for posters, car stickers and lapel badges. Five million information leaflets are to be distributed in the constituencies, including those represented by MPs in favour of Britain's entry to the Common Market.

Warned by the polls that public opinion is swinging more towards the Market, the Labour Party is concentrating much of its efforts on 20 big city rallies, to be launched by Mr Callaghan, the party treasurer, at Bradford on September 8, and ending at a London demonstration on October 18.

Mr Wilson is making major anti-Market speeches at the Party conference in Brighton in



October and in Parliament a fortnight later, but will not be taking part in the rallies. However, his deputy, Mr Roy Jenkins will be addressing several pro-Market demonstrations.

There is certainly no sign of a truce in the Labour Party before the conference: the rival camps will be chasing one another all over the country. Party policy is that they can slam each other's Market views all they like, as long as they do not introduce personalities.

Problem for Clyde men

By Derek Humphry

WORKERS who have been manning the John Brown yard of Upper Clyde Shipbuilders at Clydebank face their first real managerial problem: this time between 200 and 400 UCS workers are due to be told they are redundant.

This morning the John Brown "work-in" is expected to be extended to the other yards in the group—Connell's, Fairfield's and Stephens'—when the men return from holiday.

It is already known that the first redundancies are intended to be in forward planning departments—market researchers, estimators and project designers—but yesterday shop stewards were saying that clerical staff should refuse to type the redundancy notices.

Next month 1,000 workers of all trades in the yards are to be made redundant. If the work-in is still in progress the question is who will pay these sacked "men": the men still working or union funds?

By the end of the year another 1,000 men are to be laid off at Connell's Scotstoun yard and by March John Brown at Clydebank with 2,600 workers is due to close. It is intended that the general work force will settle at 500, operating from the former Fairfield yard at Govan and the steelworks at Linthouse.

Meanwhile, the Scottish TUC is to hold a public inquiry into the liquidation of UCS. Yesterday, Mr James Jack, its secretary, said they wanted the inquiry as soon as possible so that it would have the greatest impact in the campaign to save 6,000 jobs on Clydeside. The Left-wing Institute for Workers' Control is expected to provide the inquiry with technical expertise.

Blast girl dies

Sheena Kelly, aged four, of Oakfield Road, East Ham, London, who was burned in a gas cylinder explosion at a school on Thursday, died yesterday. Her parents are critically ill.

You're stateless Home Office tells Aruna, 21

By Wendy Hughes

A Tanzanian/Asian girl who was issued with a British passport nine years ago, has now been classified as a stateless person because of an error made by the British Passport Office in Dar-es-Salaam in 1965. A Home Office spokesman said yesterday: "Once an error has been discovered you cannot allow it to perpetuate."

The distressing news was delivered to Aruna Patel yesterday along with a mass of greetings cards congratulating her on her 21st birthday. A plain brown envelope from the Home Office contained a Stateless Person's Travel Document. There was no covering letter to explain why this drastic step had been taken so long—Aruna has been battling with the Home Office for five years to establish her nationality.

Apart from the psychological insecurity of being a stateless person, Aruna will not be eligible to vote and a Home Office spokesman said yesterday: "Miss Patel will be classified as an alien resident in the UK and is at liberty to stay here for ever. But it goes abroad for more than two years she will have to apply to the British High Commission abroad for permission to mission abroad for permission to return."

Aruna was born in Tanganyika in 1950. Her parents obtained British nationality in 1952 and in 1962, a year after Tanganyika became independent, Aruna was issued with the passport of a British protected person.

This British protected person's passport, called a "D" passport, was given to people under 21 and it allowed them the option of renouncing Tanganyikan citizenship on their majority and applying for British citizenship.

This passport was renewed annually by the British Passport Office in Dar-es-Salaam. In 1964 Tanganyika joined with Zanzibar to form Tanzania and the Home Office stopped renewals of "D" passports.

However, Aruna's passport was, in fact, renewed by the British Passport Office in Dar-es-Salaam. Believing herself to be a British citizen, Aruna came to this country in September 1966 to complete her schooling and leaving school she has been studying as a laboratory techni-



Aruna Patel: five-year-old at St Mary's Hospital, London, and will complete studies in two years.

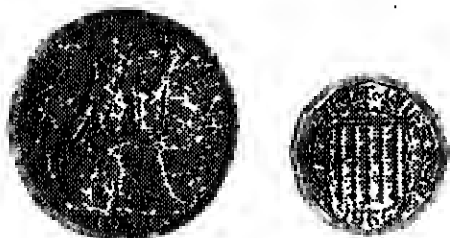
cian at St Mary's Hospital, London, and will complete studies in two years. After Aruna arrived in her parents, who had India, asked her to visit. Since her passport has been applied to have it but the Home Office refused that they could not re- she was Tanzanian, an her to get in touch. Tanzanian High Commission.

She consulted the government immigration advisers which said that, a passport had been renewed in 1965, she was a British citizen. They advised her to approach the Home Office again on my behalf.

This she did and in 1966 year received a letter from the Tanzanian High Commission forming her that she was no longer a Tanzanian.

Aruna said yesterday: "I am very disappointed to have been classified as a stateless person but when I heard of the decision I went to the Appeal Court."

DECIMAL CURRENCY BOARD



After August 31st old pennies and 3d bits cannot be used as money

Decimalisation has gone so smoothly that the "changeover period" (during which old and new money may both be used) will now end on August 31st, 1971.

From September 1st, therefore, our money will be fully decimal. This means that:

- All cash transactions will be in decimal money.
- Old pennies and threepenny bits should be used up before the end of August. Look them out and use them in amounts of 6d (2½p). Or pay them into a bank or savings account. Banks will accept them in amounts of 1/- (5p).
- Shillings and two shilling pieces will continue as 5p and 10p coins.
- Sixpences will continue as 2½p coins until at least February 1973.

Before ending their work, the Decimal Currency Board wish to thank the public and the business community for their co-operation and understanding, which led to such a smooth changeover.

Use up your old pennies and 3d bits before September 1st



This year take a breather from summer colds

A streaming nose. Runny eyes. Sneezing. Summer cold or hayfever-like symptoms can give you a pretty bad time, usually just when you can't afford it. This year, don't let them.

One Contac capsule gives you the breathing space you need. Gives you up to 12 hours of deep, easy, through-your-nose breathing. Plenty of time for you to do whatever it is you have to do. Up to 12 hours of easy breathing at a stretch, because of the 400 tiny time pills in every capsule of 'Contac 400'. All going to work for you at carefully timed intervals, to clear congested passages and keep them clear and dry. Take one at night and get a good night's sleep right through till morning.

You'll feel all the better for it. So the next time you really need to breathe easily... so you can think

clearly... and act intelligently; take one 'Contac'. The only major one dose decongestant that gives you so much time to breathe.

If you're wise you'll get some now, from your chemist. Or if you're clever, you'll send for your two-capsule sample. All you need is that you're careful hands. A pharmacist, please, to the Health Consultant, Dept. 571 Menley & James Laboratories, Welwyn Garden City, Herts. The company reserves the right to terminate this offer without notice.

CONTACT 400
the 12 hour
Block-buster

'Contac 400' is a trade mark

هكذا نشا الاصل

For the best jobs turn to the Appointments column pages 4, 30, 32, 34, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40

the day
r Quaye
ood on
s rights
policemen
sieged
s house
oking for
p

Derek Humphry

The inquiry began last night as the circumstances of the arrest of an anti-racist parents and two children in a court as a "party" search of their 22 policemen looking for a purse containing 75p.

Paul Oestreicher, the parish priest, asked the police to search the house of the Quaye family.

her was beaten up in the street and later, at the police station, she was made to sit naked in a room for an hour and a half.

EL QUAYE, who was a railway fitter, was a black man and his wife was a white woman.

now 17, Susan had been a member of the Black Panther Party and had been arrested for a search of her house.

When Susan was in the police station, she was asked to search for a purse.

When police officers went to the Quaye home in Blackheath, they found a search of the house.

When police officers went to the Quaye home in Blackheath, they found a search of the house.

When police officers went to the Quaye home in Blackheath, they found a search of the house.

When police officers went to the Quaye home in Blackheath, they found a search of the house.

When police officers went to the Quaye home in Blackheath, they found a search of the house.

When police officers went to the Quaye home in Blackheath, they found a search of the house.

When police officers went to the Quaye home in Blackheath, they found a search of the house.

When police officers went to the Quaye home in Blackheath, they found a search of the house.

When police officers went to the Quaye home in Blackheath, they found a search of the house.

When police officers went to the Quaye home in Blackheath, they found a search of the house.

When police officers went to the Quaye home in Blackheath, they found a search of the house.

When police officers went to the Quaye home in Blackheath, they found a search of the house.

When police officers went to the Quaye home in Blackheath, they found a search of the house.

When police officers went to the Quaye home in Blackheath, they found a search of the house.



Mr and Mrs Quaye with their daughters, Kathleen (left) and Susan: all arrested after "boarding-party" search

a warrant. (The police later claimed in court that the Quayes had said they feared "stuff would be planted," but the family denied saying this.)

Before going for the search warrant, the women officers told the Quayes that Susan was in the Greenwich police station and the couple went there hoping to see her. In fact, they were not allowed to talk to Susan. Instead, Det. Sgt. John Ferguson tackled them about their refusal to allow a search and about the women officers' claims that the family had spoken of "planting."

The Quayes still refused to allow a search without a warrant and Mr Quaye told the court later that Sgt. Ferguson had said: "That law applies to Europeans, not blacks like you."

Mr Quaye added, as he had prepared to go home, the sergeant had said: "I shall turn your place over like it's never been turned over before. I will get a search warrant."

Sgt. Ferguson denies making these statements but said in court that he had told the Quayes: "What is this nonsense about planting of evidence? Your daughter was arrested for a serious offence for which she will stand trial at the Old Bailey."

After leaving the police station the Quayes walked towards their home. At the top of their road they saw five cars full of policemen and outside their home they saw another four police cars.

Mr Quaye said: "It was a frightening sight," says Mr Quaye, "and I remembered Sgt. Ferguson's words about 'turning us over'."

The police agreed in court later that they had taken 22 men to the house armed with a warrant to search for the purse. (The Quayes and other observers think it was more.) Some of the policemen were off-duty uniformed constables who had been called from home and were still in civilian clothes.

Mr Quaye and his elder daughter Kathleen say they were frightened and went into the house opposite to get the Rev Bob White, a curate, to help them. He was out but a young man answered the door. At this point Sgt. Ferguson and Det. Con. Derek Southgate left the Quayes' garden and crossed the road to Mr Quaye. There is conflict about what ensued.

Sgt. Ferguson told the court that the events were as follows: he asked Mr Quaye to accompany

him during the search or he would arrest him for obstruction; they crossed the road but, outside the Quayes' home, Mr Quaye became excited and dodged through the policemen in the garden; Mr Quaye kicked and fought when he was stopped. Five policemen corroborated this account.

However, Mr Quaye, his wife and Kathleen told the court a version which, while tallying on basic facts, differed over the method of arrest. Mr Quaye said that he had been grabbed on the curate's doorstep and told he was under arrest.

Mr Quaye went on: "Before I could say 'What for?' another four officers were on top of me. I did nothing as I was taken across the road. All of a sudden officers started beating me for no reason. I was punched and kicked by officers whilst I was held."

Mr Quaye also alleged that, while being taken to the police station by car, an officer had put an arm round his throat and "almost choked" him. At the station, Mr Quaye told the court, he had been stripped of every-

thing. "My clothes were taken away. I was pushed into a cell, naked, for one and a half hours. He was kept in a cell overnight."

Mrs Quaye and Kathleen were also taken to Greenwich police station in cars. Kathleen told the court that an officer had tried to hit her in the car and had racially abused her and that in the station she had been slapped twice and sworn at. The police strenuously denied this.

Mr Oestreicher, who is vicar of the Ascension, Blackheath, and an executive member of the National Council for Civil Liberties, arrived on the scene while the Quayes' flat was being searched. Instead of the search of Susan's room—as originally requested—a search of the whole house was in progress. The purse was not found.

As a result of the confrontation between the family and the police, Mr Quaye was charged with attempted grievous bodily harm and with assaulting three policemen. Both Mrs Quaye and Kathleen were charged with assaulting police officers. All pleaded not guilty.

Richard Hewitt is 20. His home is in Bradford, Yorkshire, and he went to Bradford Grammar School. He's just finished a two year course as an officer cadet at the Royal Military Academy Sandhurst.

At school the general impression of Sandhurst was of "a sort of post public school. Formal, disciplined, and rather isolated from society."

He found the reality very different. "It's very much of a college atmosphere with a close and friendly relationship between the officers, staff and cadets."

"There are as many cadets from State Schools as from Public Schools, and some from overseas. I had friends with widely different backgrounds and from a number of countries."

"The first five weeks at Sandhurst are pretty tough. You find out just how tired and how fit you can be. It's quite a challenge. After those few weeks you're given a lot of responsibility and a lot of freedom. I had a car there from the

end of my first term and found it very useful on evenings and weekends out of the Academy. I travelled a great deal in two years to Germany, France, Malta and Norway."

"One year of the two year Sandhurst course is now concentrated on academic training. It covers a wide range of subjects: I took a Russian colloquial course. With the help of Sandhurst I hope to go on to read for a degree at Oxford."

Over 30% of Sandhurst cadets gain a degree.

"Sandhurst is a very modern place. Not just in its equipment and buildings—I had a new study/living room to myself—but in its attitudes. We enjoyed the same social facilities as any University."

At Sandhurst, officer cadets are paid an annual salary of £978.

"Sandhurst also has its traditions. The standards it sets are very high indeed, and there's a lot of pride in reaching them. It's a modern,

professional military college.

"I plan to make a career in the Royal Signals, but whatever happens later, I shall be very glad to have spent two years at Sandhurst."

The only way to find out exactly what Sandhurst is like is to come and talk to the cadets here, and let them show you round.

If you are interested in a career as an Army Officer, have a minimum of 5 'O' levels, or equivalent, and are studying for 'A' levels, please write to the address below.

You will be sent full details and the opportunity for a free travel visit to Sandhurst.

To: The Commandant, R.M.A. Sandhurst, Dept. ST.1, Camberley, Surrey.

Please send me further details about Sandhurst and the opportunities for me to visit the Academy.

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

School _____

ST 8/71

ST 8/71

ST 8/71

ST 8/71

ST 8/71

Oz 'skinhead Trot' aims at the workers

By Anne Robinson

THE NEXT issue of Oz will include a piece on Lord Longford's anti-porn committee, another on the "angry brigade" (Ozese for its militant readers) and 2,000 words by women's lib champion Germaine Greer. The new three-man caretaker board running the magazine, confident that the trial publicity will boost circulation, has increased the print order from the unusual 60,000 to 90,000.

Jonathan Green, one of the new editorial directors, is anxious to stress that the next issue—Oz 37—will also contain "dope, sex, cheap thrills, porn and rock-and-roll."

But David Widgery, another new member, makes it clear that the magazine will have a keener political edge than before.

Widgery, a 23-year-old medical student at the Royal Free Hospital, and Green, also 23, a history graduate and former news editor of Ink, are joined by arts director Pearce Marchbank on the new board. It is not the first time Widgery has stood in for Richard Neville, the jailed Oz proprietor. He successfully hoaxed the People newspaper two years ago when they sought with Neville what the Oz lot considered to be a hostile interview.

At the time Widgery described himself as a "skinhead British Trot." He is roughly the same today. Wandsworth prison might not approve his appearance. The length of his hair would leave little work for a scissor-happy prison barber.

It is Widgery with his lack of enthusiasm for the "beautiful people" aspect of the underground movement and his total commitment to Marxism and severe socialism, who will guide Oz along more jagged political contours.

The decision on Friday to publish 90,000 copies of the next issue was approved by its jailed proprietor. Conferences with

Neville have already taken place and if the prison visiting system allows it, he will continue to have a reasonable hand in deciding editorial policy.

Full details of the content of Oz 37 are secret or as yet unplanned. A foolscap piece of paper bearing a long list of ideas was hurriedly shoved beneath a telephone directory when I asked to see it. But the editors are determined that the gospel of "Richard fighting for his values" will be spread.

Widgery says: "Since the Royal Garden Hotel incident in Cambridge when Justice Melford Stevens wanted to stop 'student antics' Oz has been ahead. People are beginning to think like us. We might appeal to the beautiful people, but we are also interested in the Clyde, the Industrial Relations Act and Northern Ireland."

He agrees that until now the circulation has been patchy. In the schoolkids' issue the writers were drawn from either north London or the Farnborough and Reading areas of the Home Counties. W. H. Smiths refuse to handle Oz and the bulk of the readers are in the big cities where it is on sale in students' bookshops and in boutiques. It has been difficult to find willing printers and in the past the load has been spread over two or three. Oz 37 is being printed by one firm, although since the trial several more have offered to help.

Oz hopes to extend its readership to include skinheads and the working class. "The logic of the situation," says Widgery, "forces us to be more political. We will put forward the views of trade unionists, tenants' associations and the young black people. We will smash the polite hypocrisy of British society."

The trio are unanimous that if there is to be any further persecution—or prosecution—it will be carried out under the laws of sedition "and not under a euphemism called obscenity."

The demos during the trial, they say, were the first indications that Britain is at last getting annoyed about Britain instead of mis-managed affairs in America and Vietnam.

Press coverage during the trial and since has not endeared them to street-level journalists. During an interview one takes the rap for the reports and leaders which have appeared in every newspaper. "The Mirror and the Sun," says Green, "supported us in an insulting way. At least Argyle took us seriously. We're not naughty boys."

Oz is solvent. Various collections in aid of the trial brought in more than £7,000, and even when the fines and costs of the case are paid there will be some left over. "We will continue ad infinitum but not, we hope, ad nauseam," says Green.

Britain's obscenity laws are attacked today by the legal journal Justice of the Peace and Local Government Review. An article in the current issue lists changes in legal attitudes towards "sexy" books over the past 55 years and supports the contention of John Mortimer, QC, defending counsel in the Oz case, that "obscenity is in the eye and mind of the beholder."

Strangers passing through Fiskerton, Nottingham, home of the Oz trial judge Michael Argyle, yesterday were stopped in the streets by police who wrote down names and addresses and asked: "What are you doing in the village?" Any who refused to answer were warned that they could be prosecuted for obstructing the police.

Porn: Full-frontal facts, page 7
Editorial, page 8

\$25,000 winner
The weekly £25,000 Premium Bond prize, announced yesterday, was won by Bond No. 7PS 639655. The winner lives in Glamorgan.

Tablets plan in school milk crisis

By John Ball

MANY of the two million schoolchildren who still are entitled to free school milk may not get their supplies when they go back to school next month. Instead they may be given dried milk or milk tablets because milk suppliers face uneconomic delivery rounds.

Under the Government's new legislation more than 4,000,000 primary school children will be deprived of their daily free third-of-a-pint. Only the seven-year-olds and under and special hardship cases will be entitled to free milk. Many milk distributors say their deliveries will be halved, and profits will be hit especially in counties with a scattered population.

Dr Daniel Cook, Devon's Chief Education officer, says: "We are experiencing considerable difficulties in arranging milk supplies to remote schools. We have 310 primary schools scattered over a vast area and because of the new regulations, supplies to most of them will have to be cut by more than half. The contractors we told us it will be uneconomic for them to continue making deliveries."

"We are faced with either paying increased charges or being forced to give the children dried milk or milk tablets, but we don't know yet how we will cope when the schools go back next month."

Perthshire may link some school supplies to the school meals service to solve the problem. Lachlan Young, the county's Director of Education, says: "This means children at some schools supplied with meals from central kitchens will not get their milk until lunch-time. I know this is unsatisfactory and that a child needs the milk at mid-morning, but we found this was the only way round the problem."

"It could be that we will have to consider introducing long-life milk and making one or two deliveries a week to isolated schools."

In North-West Scotland, Alan Forsyth, Assistant Chief Education Officer for Ross and Cromarty, says that serious consideration is being given to supplying children with dehydrated milk or milk tablets.

An official at the Department of Education and Science said it was "really too early to say there were insuperable problems."

In North-West Scotland, Alan Forsyth, Assistant Chief Education Officer for Ross and Cromarty, says that serious consideration is being given to supplying children with dehydrated milk or milk tablets.

An official at the Department of Education and Science said it was "really too early to say there were insuperable problems."

In North-West Scotland, Alan Forsyth, Assistant Chief Education Officer for Ross and Cromarty, says that serious consideration is being given to supplying children with dehydrated milk or milk tablets.

An official at the Department of Education and Science said it was "really too early to say there were insuperable problems."

In North-West Scotland, Alan Forsyth, Assistant Chief Education Officer for Ross and Cromarty, says that serious consideration is being given to supplying children with dehydrated milk or milk tablets.

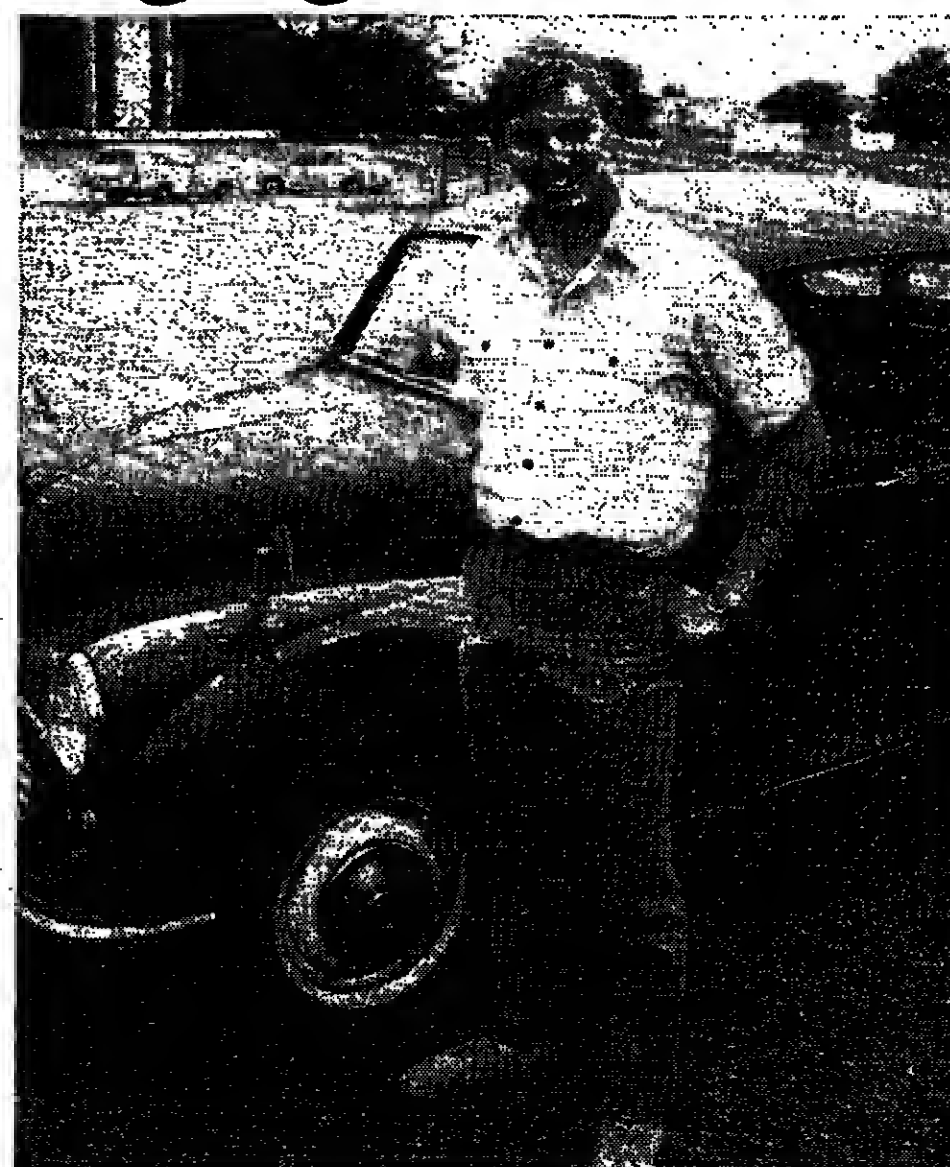
An official at the Department of Education and Science said it was "really too early to say there were insuperable problems."

In North-West Scotland, Alan Forsyth, Assistant Chief Education Officer for Ross and Cromarty, says that serious consideration is being given to supplying children with dehydrated milk or milk tablets.

An official at the Department of Education and Science said it was "really too early to say there were insuperable problems."

In North-West Scotland, Alan Forsyth, Assistant Chief Education Officer for Ross and Cromarty, says that serious consideration is being given to supplying children with dehydrated milk or milk tablets.

The changing face of Sandhurst.



ONCE WEATHERSEAL'S IN, FORGET WHAT'S OUT



A new "Sealomatic Double Glazing system" is the most of its kind using unique "Vynoseal" frames which are self-sealing. Designed by Weatherseal of Oldham, the double glazing company in Britain, they blend better with your decor than any other. Expertly installed by craftsmen, there is no mess, no structural alteration and no redecoration necessary.

Learn more about this unique "Sealomatic" double glazing system from the company who introduced double windows to this country. Clip out and return coupon for details without obligation. Do it now!

FREE
POST THIS COUPON NOW!

Please let me have full details. Overlaid terms if required.
Name _____
Address _____
ST 8/71

WEATHERSEAL OF OLDHAM



Why Raphael, Michelangelo, Titian and Reynolds are no longer four dirty old men

Picture by Kelvin Brodie



Raphael and their mates are just being recognised down at the Royal Academy. They were rescued from years of soot and ill-deserved obscurity (top) last week when Surindar Singh (above, working on Michelangelo) and his sand-blasting colleagues got to work on the statues on the Academy's frontage off Piccadilly. Ah, the public and staff at the Academy are saying, pointing upwards in wonderment, so that's who they are

The men who keep sex under lock and key

By Tom Davies

DR GARDINER is a gentle practitioner with a moon in an impeccable bedside who runs a curious—strictly as a sideline, understand—from his home in East London. Last Gardiner's curious husband, an unexpected boost to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, lifted the 113 per cent tax on chastity belts.

Dr Gardiner is in the hardware trade. He can sell a sould for a nagging chastity belt to protect welcome or unwelcome a torture rack to give lick stretch and, should be to counter-attack, a measure suit of armour to hide. He also does ne in thumbscrews, iron a siege machine which used for lobbing a weight of scorpions or a lead into a hostile neighborhood.

Y belts have now been as safety devices and die East sultan will save up in the £, a concessio is expected to cause trade boom. So, together with armour maker, Terry Dr Gardiner is now aughis stock of medieval complete with fiendish He is even bringing a mod outfit made from ites, which come with ins, a natty padlock and The other key, he says is for the purchaser's sager.

Stone home is called lla. Besides a load of it has a couple of the doorway, a small in the cellar, five dogs, and two iguanas. Terry sometimes emerges into late at night during a essed in his suit of

armour and with a pint in one hand and a lance in the other, jokingly calling for his Guinevere. (His girl friend Chrissie, actually.)

"Most of our business is done with Americans who like the objects for curiosity value," says Dr Gardiner. "But we have had a couple of men here who look as though they hate the whole idea of Women's Lib."

On a more commercial scale is the Anne Hugessen Organisation which is based in Halesowen and which sold about 2,000 chastity belts last year and expects to sell about 15,000 this year; not so much because of Mr Barber's tax-cut but because of publicity surrounding a new film by Ned Sherrin called Up the Chastity Belt, the cast of which was kitted out by the firm.

They do a 13th-century belt made of iron which comes in traditional fired black-lead finish to inhibit rust. This goes for £5.75 (now £5.15 after the tax cut) and has a 20in long down piece and a waist-piece of 26in, which accommodates most women except pregnant ones, when it's too late anyway.

Anne Hugessen is not sure what the belts are used for because, despite a nine-month guarantee, they get few complaints or, for that matter, letters of appreciation. But the belts can be used for hanging baskets of flowers, lamp stands, or to lock up your car by wrapping the belt around the door handle and steering wheel. You could also, with the aid of a bit of red velvet, turn it into a beauty queen's coronet.

"We get lots of imitators but they all use plastic and what's the use of that?" says Anne Hugessen. "We also give away the wrong key with every seventh belt." You're joking. "No," she says, "I'm not."



Terry English and a bearded Guinevere: trophies for curious Americans and likely-looking batters of Women's Lib

It isn't that we don't know how to make a cigarette with mass appeal. We prefer not to.

It would seem that the path to popular success in the cigarette business is paved with ever smaller, thinner cigarettes.

So it may well strike you as eccentric for us to be making opulent cigarettes like Sobranie Virginia. They're luxuriously long and packed with the finest Virginia tobacco that money can buy.

But our name has never been associated with a cigarette that was trimmed to fit the pocket of the average smoker.

And we're hanged if we were going to start compromising our standards now.



Sobranie Virginia in the silver pack. 31p for 20. Recommended retail price.

PACKETS CARRY A GOVERNMENT HEALTH WARNING

Actors tell of Brazil 'torture'

By Antony Terry

MEMBERS of New York's Living Theatre Group, arrested in Brazil early last month, have smuggled out statements alleging that some of them have been beaten up and tortured while in prison and under interrogation.

Fifteen members of the travelling cast have been in custody since police from the Department of Political and Social Order (DOBS) raided their communal home and rehearsal centre near Belo Horizonte, 300 miles north of Rio de Janeiro. They include Judith Malina and Julian Beck, co-founders of the Living Theatre Group.

Since its formation in New York 10 years ago, the Group has toured the world and performed in 150 towns. Last year, it split into three separate groups, one of which continued to tour Europe and the US, while the second went to India and the third, now arrested, went to Brazil—at the invitation of the official Sao Paulo Theatre.

Under Brazilian law, the 15 can be held until October 1 without being charged. In fact, the authorities appear to have dropped original accusations of "subversion," made because they had copies of works by Mao and Marx. Instead, they are to be tried on charges which they deny—of being in possession of marijuana.

Copies of the statements describing the alleged tortures, compiled secretly in prison by members of the cast and later smuggled to Paris, were shown to me yesterday by Mr Pierre Einer, who was with the Group in Brazil but returned to France two months before the arrests.

In one statement, a 19-year-old Brazilian actor, Ivanildo Silvino, claims that during the first 24 hours of his detention in Belo Horizonte jail, police applied an electric kettle to his genitals and to his finger. He also alleges that, both before and after this, they beat him up in an effort to extract a confession.

Silvino, who joined the Living Theatre in Sao Paulo last December, asserts that, later, he was taken in a state of collapse to be interrogated by the local police chief, who told him: "Your physical condition is caused by taking drugs." The young actor says in his statement that he refused: "My condition has nothing to do with taking drugs—it is the result of torture by electric shocks and beatings." Silvino's statement adds that he was also beaten up by the police chief and kicked in the testicles.

A statement by another member of the cast, Roy Harris Levine, alleges that after he had been forced to sit on a cold marble floor and later stand against a wall at secret police HQ, a policeman took him out of the room and beat him severely about the chest.

"He screamed at me, saying

"He would kick my head on the floor if I did not do what he said. Once during the evening I saw another member of the cast, Pamela Bagyk, hit by this same policeman."

Levine's statement adds that, when he was brought in to make a confession, he was suffering from severe pain in the chest and back where he had been beaten.

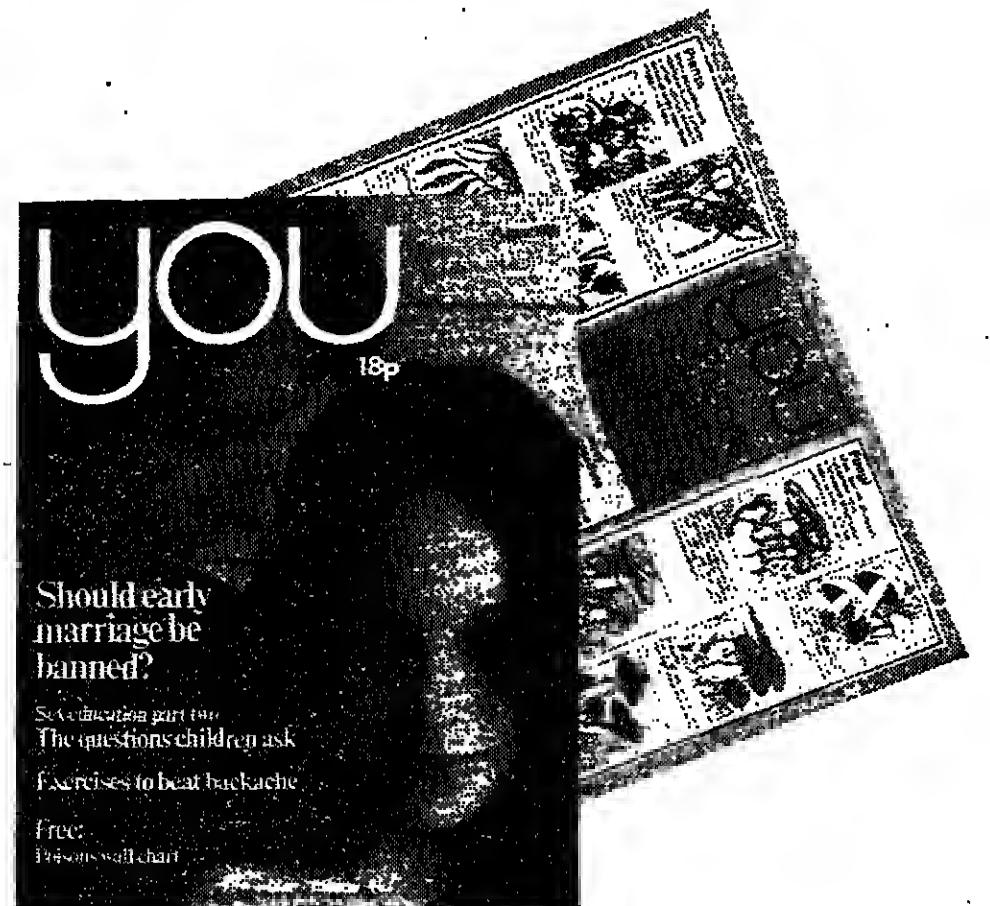
Yesterday, Pierre Einer described how police with dogs raided the cast's home at the village of Ouro Preto. "The Living Theatre Group had taken this eighteenth-century house for its headquarters," he said, "because it was cheap to rent and because the director of Ouro Preto's theatre festival, which was taking place in July, had invited the company."

The director later cancelled this invitation, I assume on higher orders and it was soon afterwards that the police burst in. Later, five of those held were released, including Steve Ben Israel, Mary Krapp and Andrew Nadelson, who were allowed to return to New York.

These three have also since given their version of the raid. In a written statement, they claim: "We were released because we were not in the house when the arrests occurred. The following day, the DOBS were looking for Steve Israel again, saying they had found an additional and larger quantity of marijuana which they had dug

up from under the house. They said they found this with the aid of a map posted on the back of our house. The map, they said, was written in English and gave directions as to where the marijuana was buried. All this is pure fabrication."

The statement says that, before being released, the three spoke with their fellow Living Theatre prisoners, who included American, German, Austrian, Australian, Portuguese, Canadian, Peruvian and Brazilian nationals. It declares: "They told us they were forced to sign confessions admitting possession of marijuana and drug trafficking. The confessions were extorted from them by beating, the women prisoners as well as the men, and threats of detention without access to legal counsel."



A pretty poisonous bunch

Flowers like lupins and delphiniums are pretty. And poisonous. Like a lot of other things that grow in the garden and country. If eaten, the seeds or flowers, bulbs or pods are dangerous. Some are death-traps. Not just big ugly fungi, but beautiful flowers. And of course children are most at risk. In the home, too. Cleaners for ovens, turpentine, old medicines are all killers in the wrong hands. Children's hands. So know your poisons. And what to do if an accident does happen. It's all here in colour—the YOU Poisons Chart. Make sure you get yours with YOU this month. It could be a matter of life and death.

Get the YOU Poisons Chart in YOU this month—Free.

The birds, the bees and your child.

Telling a child about sex is no joke. What he learns today can determine his tomorrow. In Part 2 of the YOU Guide to Sex Education we deal with the questions your child will ask. And the questions you ask yourself. It is a big responsibility. Just relax and read this special supplement. Your children will probably shock you more than you'll shock them. And when they ask "where do babies come from" you'll know what to say. And it won't be the one about storks and gooseberry bushes.

The bride wore school uniform.

People are marrying younger. The school-girl bride is no longer unusual. Marriage-wise, things aren't turning out as sociologists thought they would. So what's happening? The Pill is as easy to buy as baked beans. Girls have equal education and career opportunities. Why aren't the young enjoying their new found freedom? Statistics prove the younger the couple the higher the chances of divorce. This month YOU looks at the marriage scene present and future. It's fascinating. Like a lot of other things in YOU this month.

you the magazine about life today
August issue on sale now price 18p.

SPECTRUM

EXPLORATION

The strange flight of Admiral Byrd

one of Admiral Richard Byrd as one of the great polar explorers is based on his flight to the North Pole—the first in history. But evidence has surfaced which suggests that Byrd (right) never actually reached his goal. Instead of following the path he claimed (illustrated here by the broken line), Byrd appears to have flown further than an area just over the horizon from Spitzbergen.

TER 4 pm on May 9, 1926, the three-engine plane called the *Josephine Ford* took off from the snow-covered rock of the focus of the world's

g in over the port's bleak ice came a three-engine plane called the *Josephine Ford*. On board were two men, Richard Evelyn Byrd and pilot Floyd Bennett. The cabin windows showed the men running across the ice, stiffly in their furs. The plane's skis hit the ice with a noise of dustbins. Within the world was being told that a man had flown over the North Pole for the first time. As the plane circled the pole, it would have been the last sight of the engine failure over the Arctic Ocean in the 1920s to hope of rescue and one of survival.

and Bennett stepped from their plane the congratulatory crowd was numbing. The famous explorer who was present on his own flight to the North Pole, the *Josephine Ford*, was hailed as a hero. Americans sailed home to the White House, the President. Medals from their double suits. Byrd's manner, as to the votes of thanks, it should be—demure, the conductor of the Arctic symphony, the proper moment to violinist and the boys of it all possible. one man was missing. Balchen, a quiet Norwegian whom Byrd had met in 1925 and had taken back to the States. Bennett flew the *Josephine Ford* a nationwide publicity tour. Balchen had been told by stay in the background. He had not been officially of the American crew. n took his isolation. It was some weeks before he to suspect that the commander of the first the Pole might be a t he never got to the ic at all. years of doubt and of that kept those doubts

at bay—at least in the public mind—it now seems probable that the career of Admiral Richard Byrd, one of the most decorated heroes of American polar exploration, was founded on a deception of simple but enormous scale.

What really happened was this: soon after take-off from Kings Bay the *Josephine Ford* developed an oil leak. Instead of making the 1,500-mile round-trip across the most desolate ice desert in the world Byrd ordered his copilot to mark time. For the next 14 hours the plane circled over the sound and eschewed the support party in Spitzbergen; then it flew back to the applause which rang in Byrd's ears for the rest of his life. Floyd Bennett died, of pneumonia, in 1928 apparently burdened with an uneasy conscience. Byrd died in 1957, 30 years and his funeral in 1957, the passing of an aviator who had conquered the bleakest corners of the world.

With both heroes long dead and buried, Balchen survives today as the central figure of a remarkable tangle of fantasy that surrounded Byrd's polar career—a tangle which has just been exposed for the first time in an American book, *Oceans, Poles and Airmen*, by a distinguished new writer, Richard Montague.

Few men knew Byrd better than Balchen. The Norwegian, now a naturalised American, flew with him across the Atlantic and both navigated and piloted him to the South Pole aboard the *Floyd Bennett* in November, 1929—a feat which further strengthened Byrd's heroic image.

Two years earlier, after the Arctic triumph, Balchen and Bennett began their publicity tour with the *Josephine Ford*. It was during this time that the first tangible doubts took shape in Balchen's mathematical mind.

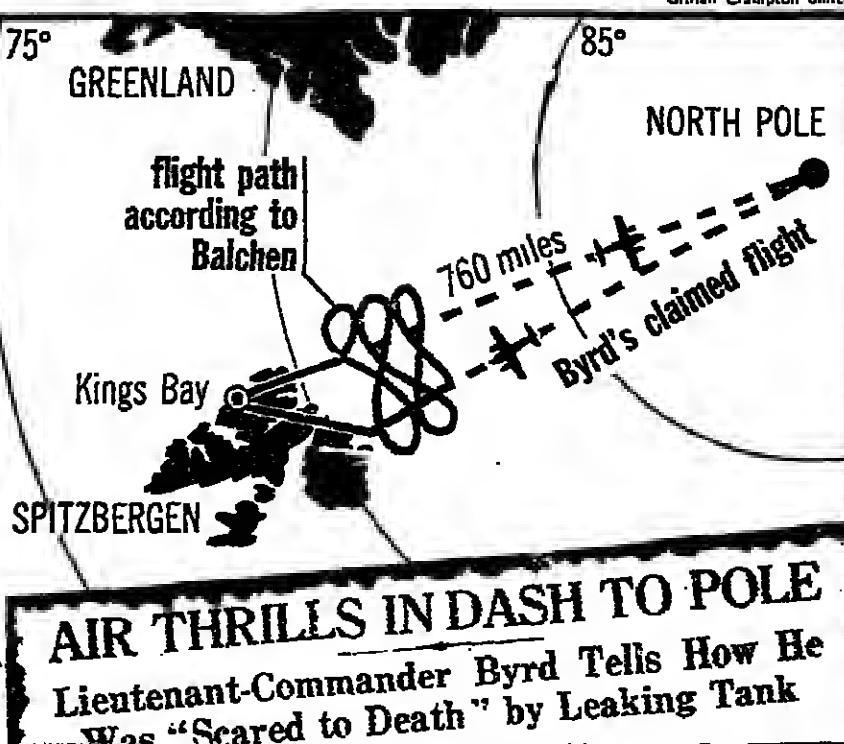
He became, firstly, aware of significant discrepancies between the plane's performance and the claims that Byrd had made for it during his Arctic flight. Bennett agreed with the Norwegian that the plane's average speed was about 70 mph and would be slightly less, because of increased drag, with the skis worn during the polar trip. At that rate,

Balchen calculated, the *Josephine Ford* could not possibly have flown to the North Pole and back in Byrd's time of 15½ hours. Someone, somewhere, had mislaid several hundred miles of Arctic flight path.

Balchen began to sense after his probing that Bennett had something to tell him, but he did not press the point. Finally, one night shortly before he died, Bennett unburdened his soul. In Montague's book, Balchen says that Bennett told him the flight had been faked. "We were just north of Spitzbergen," Bennett said, "when the commander discovered that oil leak. He became quite concerned about it and ordered me to fly back to the north coast of Spitzbergen—15 or 20 miles away. We flew back and forth for a while and the leak stopped. We discussed the possibility of flying over to East Greenland but he finally ordered me to fly back and forth and this is what we did until he told me to return to Kings Bay. We flew back and forth for 14 hours."

In a strictly legalistic sense, such third-hand evidence must be considered impossibly circumstantial; but Balchen was not the only man who thought Byrd's achievement required closer scrutiny.

In 1960, Professor Gösta Liljequist, a meteorologist at Uppsala University, Sweden, conducted a detailed analysis of the *Fokker's* capabilities. He estimated that the *Josephine Ford's* average speed during the North Pole



AIR THRILLS IN DASH TO POLE
Lientenant-Commander Byrd Tells How He Was "Scared to Death" by Leaking Tank

flight would have been about 70-75 knots. Taking 15½ hours as the total flight time and subtracting 12 minutes spent circling the Pole area, Liljequist calculated that the *Fokker* should have achieved an average ground speed of 100 mph to have covered the distance claimed by Byrd. The aviator himself had reported that on the way back from the Pole a fortuitous wind sprang up and had pushed them home at increased speed. Professor Liljequist, who studied the Arctic weather charts for that day, found no evidence of a wind of sufficient force to sup-

port Byrd's assertion. In brief, based on the plane's known capabilities, Byrd got back to Kings Bay nearly two hours too soon. Byrd was not short of motives for cooking his charts. When he reached Kings Bay on board the *Chantier* he discovered Amundsen's rival expedition already well under way with plans to cross the Pole in an airship before flying on to the North Alaskan coast. Amundsen tried to discourage the idea of a race; Byrd professed similar lack of ambition although he added later: "I knew the public construed

our relative expeditions this way." Byrd, in fact, was under considerable pressure to get there first. For his, Astors, Rockefellers, Vanamakers, not to mention the President and the National Geographic Society and newspapers were all rooting for him back home. In the end, by his own account, he beat Amundsen's airship to the Pole by three days. Based on the ruthless equation that the public pays more for a winner, Byrd had his own reasons for not wanting to be second. During the hours he spent over

the Arctic sea it must have frequently occurred to him that his expedition had begun with a 20,000 dollar deficit, for which he alone was responsible. "Life was not the only thing I was risking," he wrote in "Skyward" (1928) his lyrical self-congratulatory account of the flight. Byrd's subsequent career, particularly in the Antarctic, was to raise frequent questions about his ethics. Those who worked with him found, growing under the mantle of a modest public hero, a careerist whose appetite for the limelight was insatiable.

His undoubted courage and his imagination (bolstered in the Antarctic by the cognate heaped for a "heart condition") could run leagues ahead of his exploits and he was not averse to claiming for himself the discoveries of his subordinates. Powerful men sustained his reputation at home—his own brother, Harry Flood Byrd who died in 1966, was a senator. It was the senator's lawyers who "corrected" a book written just after Byrd's death in which Bernt Balchen tried unsuccessfully to tell all.

Byrd feared Balchen, that quiet watchful Norwegian, and yet he could not do without his technical skill. Once, in the Antarctic, Byrd caught Balchen calculating again the *Josephine Ford's* Arctic performance and he angrily ordered him to stop.

The National Geographic Society in America, which sponsored Byrd's flight to the North Pole, refused to accept last week that Byrd's claim might have been false. According to one official, there was so much backstabbing among the early aviators "it really comes down to a question of one man's word against another."

It seems a somewhat inadequate response to accusations that an American did not, after all, fly to the Pole first. With the evidence now laid bare it seems an appropriate time to unearth once more the final paragraph of Professor Liljequist's neglected report: "A committee of aeronautical and meteorological experts (should) be given access to the flight log and all available data to study the question whether in fact he [Byrd] did reach the Pole."

Peter Dunn

Psychology: the hard core findings

LIEF that pornography people is widely held. It was advanced last a justification for the of the OZ trial. possibly this is one of lies which are too well ed to be susceptible to evidence. Nevertheless, once should be cited. ings, of course, are harder ving a negative. How can that no piece of porno- as ever had an effect in al crime? Because of this, it is sometimes assumed larly research can make bution: it has "failed to that pornography is harmless.



a justification?

research evidence avail- port an argument that hic literature is con- less dangerous to social than, say, religious writ- rns of sexual behaviour, rds of the American on on Obscenity and phy, "are very stable, ot substantially altered ure to pornography." of course, had news for volitionaries of the OZ

the Commission on and Pornography re- 1 year, President Nixon its findings. He was red to alter his views anger of pornography. ommission's report has widely read in Britain.

reless, it is by far the ortant compendium of n the subject. In add- collating quantities of rk, the Commission eleven major academic into the impact of vari- of erotica, into ounds of sexual offend- the like. Miles of nade "blue" movies n, acres of erotic slides books examined. "with mission stated, "with perhaps excessive cau- this work provided" no l basis for the belief c materials constitute o a significant cause velopment of character that they... (cause) delinquency." icult to see how anyone unt the report without the honesty of the nolved. It is even ult to see how anyone tify some yet more and expensive hunt for re's nests. mission reported that l of a sample of 3,423 psychiatrists and

psychologists said they had over encountered a case in which pornography appeared to have been a factor in anti-social behaviour. Only seven per cent were sure they had seen such cases. Typical of the Commission's findings on the effects of pornography is an experiment in which 23 students spent 90 minutes each day for three weeks, alone in a room full of erotic books and films. No effects on their sleep, work or study habits were noted. The only result was that their interest in the material declined.

One of the fine old saws of aesthetic criticism is that "the flash of a pretty ankle is more exciting than a whole-figure nude." This proposition received weighty support from the Commission's work. Two studies (Byrne & Lamberth, 1970, and Tannenbaum, 1970) suggest that less sexually explicit media may generate more sexual arousal than more explicit media... persons reported higher levels of arousal to films which deleted a rape scene, but implied its occurrence, than an identical film which retained the sequence."

There was evidence from a survey in Sweden that people who had some experience with erotic materials were likely to have begun sexual intercourse younger in life, to have higher present rates of intercourse, and to report more sexual satisfaction.

The proposition that pornography produces a "callous" attitude to women—that it makes the female "a mere sexual object to be exploited and manipulated"—was also examined. In a study of 256 college males, it was found that "over half of them had used one or more exploitative techniques in an attempt to gain intercourse. These sex "callous" males more often professed love, used physical force, alcohol and sexual materials..."

Their attitude to women, however, actually became less callous for about two weeks after they were shown a blue movie.

"Psychological inventories were developed to assess four aspects of moral character... The inventories were administered to over 300 men between the ages of 18 and 30, including imprisoned offenders and university and theology students representing a range of ethnic groups."

"Moral character was statistically unrelated to the amount of exposure to erotica ($r=14$) but associated with deviant home backgrounds ($r=45$)..."

For obvious reasons, there were no experiments conducted with children. But the Commission reported "the proportion of youthful offenders who have had experience with erotic materials is not significantly different from the proportion of other adolescents and young adults in American society."

Even more interestingly, "In comparison with other adults, sex offenders and sex deviants are slightly less experienced with erotica during adolescence." People have been saying for some time that society was being rotted by a tide of permissiveness. Is it not time for the effects to begin to show? The Commission reported that, certainly, "the availability of sexual material increased severalfold during the period from 1960 to 1968. But during the same period, "juvenile arrests for sex crimes decreased."

It remains to be seen whether Lord Longford's inquiry in this country will be able to produce a different verdict which will survive careful factual scrutiny.

Peter Pringle

As BEA Cargo flies.



Straight to the principal cities of Europe, and then straight back again. So there's no messing around, transshipping shipments to other aircraft en route.

So there's no time lost (and it can be days, sometimes) in transit—as there can be with other airlines. It's one of the big advantages of being the only freight airline in Europe concentrating only on Europe.

The other advantages are

equally big. Whether you use us direct or through an agent. We have more freighters going to more places in Europe than any other airline.

We have the most practical and sophisticated cargo handling centre in Europe. Slap bang in the centre of things at Heathrow.

We give the best service to agents anywhere.

And so we should. After all we're the agents' best friends.

Therefore it would appear that there's nothing to be gained from using any other airline. Although there's plenty to be lost. Time. And time again.

BEA CARGO
As the crow flies.

THE SUNDAY TIMES

Oz: an unjust sentence

OZ NUMBER 28, which was found obscene last week, is largely political in content. With variable literacy it records views and impressions of modern society, mostly bilious and crude, assembled by some school-children with the aid of Oz's adult editors. It also includes some rank and, to many people, repellent obscenity. It is an obscene article, which could hardly have been judged otherwise if the Obscene Publications Act 1959 has any meaning. These obscenities resemble extended lavatory graffiti. In coherence and premeditated persuasive power they therefore have much in common with the political views of Mr Richard Neville, the main defendant in the case. Mr Neville's copious and jumbled writings do not qualify as an authoritative radical manifesto. Not the least regrettable feature of the Oz trial is the credence it has tended to give to his presumption that he and his supporters offer a serious alternative structure for society. Rather, they do dirt on radicalism.

It is not necessary, however, to endorse Mr Neville's view of society to find the sentences passed on him and his colleagues quite unjustifiable. The claim that the trial will offend the young and increase the generation gap is irrelevant cant. The claim that it was politically inspired is much weakened by the fact that earlier, equally anti-establishment issues of Oz were not prosecuted. But the sentences have grossly inflated the offence and thereby created a specific and menacing injustice.

By all normal judicial standards the 15-month sentence on Mr Neville is extraordinary. It therefore needs extraordinary justification. This was a first offence, on a charge which has rarely attracted any prison sentence whatever. But unless their appeal succeeds, the Oz defendants will spend a long time in prison; additionally Mr Neville, despite having lived here for many years, has been recommended for deportation. Such exceptional severity implies that some exceptionally great obscenity has been committed, or that a seismic change has altered obscenity's place in the hierarchy of evil.

The exceptional feature perceived by defenders of the sentences is that Oz-28, being entitled "School-kids' Issue," was specifically directed at minors. Almost certainly, this kind of thinking lay behind the decision to prosecute. But the claim that it justifies the sentences—a very large claim—is more dubious. The most serious charge, that Oz-28 was a conspiracy to corrupt the morals of young children, was rejected by the jury with the judge's explicit approval. Nor was it shown that the magazine had been specially promoted among children. In general Oz-28 was, through its title, only slightly more available to children than previous issues of Oz, other examples of the underground Press or other pieces of hard-core pornography which are now instantly available to anyone who goes into the local newsagent to buy a lollipop. The specific, peculiar and altogether unique connection between Oz-28 and the corruption of children, which is alleged to justify these unique sentences, has not in fact been shown to exist.

What then is left to persuade the general public, which is as interested in justice as it is in morality, that the judge was right? Only the treacherous ground of exemplary punishment. The sentence, it is argued, will be a deterrent and, in the view of many, an overdue one. Yet here surely is the least convincing apologetics. For how can anyone suppose that deterrence of obscenity is a main object of public policy, when he sees the quantities of available pornography which, if prosecuted, would certainly be convicted under the Act? Why should any would-be pornographer imagine that he will suffer the imprisonment of a single Neville rather than the impunity of a thousand corner newsagents? The Act is quite arbitrarily applied; it thus offends against the canons of orderly legal administration and should be re-examined. How much greater is the offence against justice when an arbitrary charge leads to an unprecedented sentence.

The judge said that because the defendants were poor, only prison would do for them—an alarming penological principle. Oz-28 was certainly a foul piece of work. But we believe that a fine would have adequately reflected the measure of the offence and the social context in which it occurred. What has happened, instead, can be seen only as one man's blind lunge against obscenity in general. Anyone has the right, and many think they have a duty, to make such a gesture: but not, without overwhelming justification, by imprisonment and deportation.

Middle East: an elusive peace

YESTERDAY WAS THE FIRST anniversary of the cease-fire across the Suez Canal. The year of uneasy peace between Egypt and Israel has been marked by hitherto fruitless efforts, both on the part of the United Nations go-between and of the American Government directly, to extend the truce into the beginning of a lasting settlement in the Middle East. The first step towards such a settlement would be a re-opening of the Canal. But even on this preliminary, Jerusalem and Cairo remain deeply divided. Israel resists any idea of a substantial Egyptian military presence on the east bank—i.e. in the Sinai; and even if this too-cross-or-not-to-cross issue could be resolved, the Israelis seem to foresee a long time, perhaps years, then elapsing before the second stage of a settlement, involving a major Israeli withdrawal from the territories occupied in the Six-Day War. The visit, just ended, to Jerusalem of Mr Sisco, the American Under-Secretary of State, appears to have left the Israeli Government more implacable than ever.

The standpoint of the Israelis is perfectly comprehensible. No one has better cause than they to reason that in matters of national security, self-reliance and a disbelief in the promises of others is the surest policy. Moreover, the present disarray in the Arab world, which is even greater than usual, no doubt enables Jerusalem to regard reasonably calmly President Sadat's threats to resume hostilities by the end of the year. But Mrs Meir and her team ought also to be able to see that, so far as Israel is concerned, Sadat is the best President that Egypt has got, and that, even if the Six-Day War was precipitated by Nasser's rashness, his successor cannot be expected to survive nearly total surrender to Israeli terms. The Americans are right, despite all rebuffs, to go on trying to win round the Israeli Government to greater flexibility. Israel's long-term future depends less upon American support than on the readiness of her Arab neighbours realistically to accept her as a permanent part of the Middle East landscape. This is a prize worth paying for.

AS PARLIAMENT RISES, THE SUNDAY TIMES LOOKS AT TWO URGENT DOMESTIC ISSUES
ENTER PHASE TWO: AN ACT THE UNEMPLOYMENT UNIONS NEEDED

RONALD BUTT

THE ARRIVAL of this particular parliamentary summer recess really does, however much by chance, coincide with the end of a phase in the Government's career, and brings us to a pretty clear view of the prospect for phase two. The point of transition was neatly signposted last week, on the very brink of Parliament's dispersal, by the announcement of the committee of four which is to examine in detail the problems of unemployment, inflation (that is, to put it bluntly, prices and incomes) and growth.

Two of them head the Treasury and "Neddy"; the others are Mr Victor Feather for the unions and Mr Campbell Adamson, director general of the CBI. After a year of bitter hostility between the unions and the government, Mr Feather is actually able to sit down with representatives of the Government machine to talk business. Co-operation replaces confrontation. That surely is the end of a phase.

Two obvious comments can be made about this event which has followed so swiftly upon the CBI's self-imposed attempt to secure a measure of price restraint. First, it will be said that the Government has been driven into an incomes and prices policy after all, while pretending that it was doing nothing of the sort. Second, it will be asked why, if it can be done now, it was not possible to do it sooner saving bitterness, strife and time?

The answer to this second question provides a further illustration that a phase in the Government's life has been completed. Even if the Government had seen its way earlier to some sort of incomes policy that it thought might be workable (and its opposition has been and is only to the sort of formal policy that it believes unworkable) it simply did not believe that any co-operative approach to prices and incomes could be a starter in the political conditions of the past year.

During its first term, it has given priority to doing the things it felt vital for building the basis of Tory policy—things which, if they were not done quickly, would not be done at all. The re-shaping of taxation and social security charges was the most obvious example. Any attempt to broach an incomes policy while these decisions were being made would have been blown out of the water by the unions' outrage.

This was particularly the case, given the Chancellor's judgment, right or wrong, that speedier reflation was too dangerous to risk. The only thing the Government felt able to do was to try to outface the unions as best it could and impress them with the facts of life—including the damaging effect on employment of wage settlements that priced labour out of the market.

The unions now appear to have been impressed. The atmosphere is surprisingly better than it was a few months ago (Upper Clyde notwithstanding—which itself is a remarkable enough fact) and the unions appear to have accepted, for practical purposes, the accomplished facts of Government policy.

All three parties—Government, employers and unions—now recognise that unemployment poses a danger bigger than their separate interests. Unemployment, in fact, is the highest political problem that faces the Government in the next session of Parliament and Ministers know it. The Common Market, though it is going to monopolise the problems for the Government, is politically now less menacing. The Government believes that it is sure to get a majority of at least 40 in the crucial October vote and hopes that at least a bare majority will be provided by Tory votes.

Meanwhile, public opinion is likely to swing the Government's way on the Market; but it may not do so if unemployment remains the menace it now is. No doubt Mr Barber's reflation should take the edge off it; equally, the Government has perhaps now begun to achieve something with prices and wages. But the problem of unemployment, especially in the regions, will remain—and particularly, of course, on Clydeside—and my impression is that Ministers are not nearly as dogmatic as they are painted in their approach to it.

None of them would be prepared to go on throwing money after something (UCS) which they believe can never be a going concern and they do not feel that it would be any lasting service to Clydeside if they did. But I believe that if anyone were now to bring to the Government any convincing propositions for wholly new undertakings for this part of Scotland, public money to help launch them would be available. The criterion would be that any such undertakings must be viable long-term.

In a sense then, the Government's first phase of insistent reflation is now being succeeded by something rather different in tone because the Government feels it has made its point and can move on. At the end of its first parliamentary term, Mr Heath's Government has established a pretty concrete collective persona—that of a government that is, at best, hard-headed and at worst hard-hearted.

Rightly, it has not courted public opinion. In this respect its performance has been very different from that of the first year of the Wilson Government when three or four leading Ministers straddled the political stage like colossi from the world of entertainment. In fact, politics in those days were entertainment, as Ministers hustled on and off the television screen, from crisis to crisis, getting themselves known and seeming to become, in a quite new way for politicians, part of all our lives.

By comparison, the individuals of this much more reticent Government are still relatively unknown. Mr Barber, an under-rated politician who has had a pretty stormy passage, is only beginning to make his mark. Mrs Thatcher and Sir Keith Joseph

are not known for their really significant achievement as money-raisers for their departments but respectively for ending free milk and for social service charges (as well as the not very successful family incomes supplement scheme). Mr Davies, too, trying to get to grips with the facts, does not understand the political importance of really sounding, as well as being, sympathetic.

As for Mr Heath himself, his personality has begun really to come across and it appears to inspire respect if not warmth. But this Government—so busy trying to get the country's feet back on the ground during the last fourteen months—has neither spent much effort trying to get itself liked (which is good) or trying to communicate both ways with the public (which is not so good).

The Conservative Party, of course, has the natural handicap that its heart does not bleed as profusely on its sleeve as Labour's, though in practical terms its social performance is not necessarily the worse for that. Nevertheless, having demonstrated that it has a mind and will of its own, it needs to build up a better relationship with the public. In phase two, I expect that process to start—and an integral part of it will have to be a mastery of the unemployment problem—even if means have to be used which the Government would not have contemplated while it was establishing its authority with the nation.

THE INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS Act at last became law on Thursday, but neither peace nor war broke out on the factory floors. For the phase of outright union opposition is now virtually over. We are entering a new phase, that of union accommodation to the laws, however reluctant, however wary. If there really is a strike ahead we are still in the uneasy phoney war period, when peace seems just as likely.

There are, of course, strictly practical reasons why nothing could have happened yet even if somebody had wanted it to. Mr Robert Carr has not appointed a Registrar or a National Industrial Relations Court and until he does the new legal weapons created by the Act remain effectively unprimed. But even when they are ready, sometime this winter, it is doubtful whether they will be wheeled out for full-scale battle.

This will not mean that union leaders have been converted to Tory thinking. Far from it. But they have begun to realise the hopelessness of merely inveighing against it, merely being wrong to have reacted so strongly against the Carr proposals as they did. At any rate, their reaction was understandable. They had been deeply disappointed with the record of their own party's Government under Harold Wilson. The promised growth had not materialised. Unemployment had risen to its highest levels

ERIC JACOBS

since before the war. They had been thrust into the straits of freeze and squeeze. Inflation had accelerated. And the Government had made a last desperate bid for popularity by attempting to enforce legal sanctions against striking.

Then, as if to rub in their bitter disappointment, along came a Tory Government determined not only to reverse many of those industrial, fiscal and social policies of Labour but to crown their first year in office with an elaborate structure of laws hindering union activity. It is this background that has made trade unionists believe all those highly coloured phrases about the Bill being a deliberate attack on the working class and the worst disaster since the Combination Laws.

When the Bill was first published I shared the unions' hostility. The Government's proposals seemed to me irrelevant where they were not positively malevolent. The priorities that faced the Government, I thought, were growth, unemployment and prices. To do something about these they needed the unions' co-operation. How on earth did Ministers hope to get that with their Bill hanging like a guillotine over union heads?

Since then, I have actually read the Bill, unlike a lot of its opponents (and its supporters,

for that matter) and I have a chance to consider, of the events of the months might be different if the Bill law. Take one example, the nine-week strike. Would the shop have called that strike before their union finished the first negotiations? Of course not. But the Act would compel them if it will compel the union's stewards to accept responsibility actions. At the very least, it will make involved think twice they leap.

If change was surely the legal mea by the Government foundly uncongenial lot of others, I learn deal of what I know unions from George. His themes were and the operation general will. Union democratic organisations only he moved as far were willing to go, admirable and even view of the way should work. But flaw. For, under a cock philosophy, anything that happened fied. Change and an action and inaction—equally good.

The result of movement's long-r policy of letting the care of themselves is that the unions thoroughly corruption. They are because they are because they are do not live up to ideals. Perhaps the of this is to be too low subscriptions on from their member leaders are quite sin to ask for more money.

And who can be, for being afraid of are so out of touch members; when shop are supported or from the top as it is leaders: when me occasionally bullied often ignored: who are united in little t live, such as commo for incomes, and m negative, such as a hostility to any sit incomes; when uni wash their hands of in which a handful of put thousands out when all the really gains workers have the last decade—cor employment, redund higher benefits—h secured for them b ments, not by unio

It seems to me undeniable that un shown themselves: corrigibly weak if incapable of making on their own, capab responding to advan to them. The Indus tions Act is the mos advance that has bee them this century. worry now is that the not be good enough its challenge. But if the Act offers huge o unties for the t increase their memb to extract more c than ever before employers. It is up to



CARLYLE: STYLE AND STOMACH

RAYMOND MORTIMER

of a wife, submissive, helpful, good-humoured, her sole object to be her husband's comfort and that of his friends." That was not a model she could ever have followed: she was so lively and sharp-tongued. With dismay we watch the two of them converge despite such warnings, like the Titanic and the iceberg in the Hardy poem; and in 1826, after their deaths, Froude, the historian, wrote a brilliant account of their lives and letters, which got him into a ghastly scrape: it was so candid. But if he had suppressed the material, there might now be little interest in Carlyle. In his opinion the marriage was never consummated. I fancy that it was, although the evidence is slight and contradictory. On his honeymoon Carlyle wrote to his mother: "On the whole I have reason to say that I have been mercifully dealt with"—and that has been taken as an allusion to his wife's kindness about his impotence, although I feel sure that he was here expressing, not indeed with much enthusiasm, his gratitude to Providence. In any case they loved one another faithfully until her death, when he discovered with bitter remorse how deeply she had suffered

from his self-centred blindness to her ill-health and other distresses.

From his father he had inherited a sulky reserve and a lack of tolerance; nor had he been brought up in his peasant home to treat women with any consideration, much as he adored his mother. The main trouble with the marriage, however, was that even before it both he and his wife were victims of chronic ill-health. In his own words:

All the evils of life are as the small dust of the balance to a diseased stomach. It banishes all thought from your head, all love from your heart. It seems to pollute the very sanctuary of our being; it renders our suffering at once complete and contemptible.

The same symptoms, dyspepsia and acute insomnia, afflicted Jane, who was prone also to colds, sore throats and influenza. "She seldom has a day of true health," he wrote soon after the marriage. They therefore make me think of two plants, peas or scarlet runners, that need staking, and without it crush one another. How far their illnesses were neurotic we cannot know; but he died of old age at eighty-five, and she at sixty-five of a heart attack. They seem to have chosen a stodgy diet with little or no fruit and green vege-

tables; and they fought off biliousness with continual, violent purges, blue pills made of mercury, and also castor oil, of which he took a cup mixed with hot coffee in the middle of every morning—enough to ruin an excellent digestion. She also resorted often to morphia, and he occasionally, if modern painkillers and sedatives had been available, their lives, and his writings, might have been far less gloomy.

As things were, he became not only pathetic but comical, never ceasing to complain and to rail, denigrating almost every writer of his time. Wordsworth was intrinsically a small man, Coleridge full of moonshine, Keats (born in the same year as himself) a horrible sort of man, Macaulay and John Stuart Mill superficial. Lamb, Hazlitt and De Quincey contemptible, George Eliot much less gifted than Mrs Carlyle. Verse, he decided, was now obsolete; its message was better given in prose.

He could not endure Mozart and Beethoven, disliked Gothic architecture, and dismissed all painting, except portraiture, as worthless. On top of all that, he hated or despised the Irish, the Jews, the Negroes (who ought never to have been emancipated) and the French (whose defeat by Prussia in 1871 was the one event in his lifetime that could excite his enthusiasm. Though he was always commending reverence

as a virtue, he admitted to his tyrannical scorn for

His views of his wife were literally jaundiced, trickery, quackery, everywhere, except in—and found the century almost as a writer on him. I think enough attention to diagnosis. "If this burden of disease away, nine-tenths of and incapacities w away with it."

The message he pr repetitiously is simple. With a family in Deists he demanded sive faith in an in First Cause which planted in us a know right and wrong. Our duty is to obey it by hard and remaining without even trying happy. The afterlife the few matters on kept an open mind. disbelief in the Bibb the dogmas of all Chu is less explicit, thi scepticism of a Hu Gibbon further from than any form of cre

Politically he sta radical, with a just unusual indignation sufferings of the poor largely by laissez-fair he denounced ever towards democracy, for a dictatorship of without ever suggest that could be achiev can't help seeing in hi cursor of Hitler, who probably have excited enthusiasm, then hi

مكتبة الأمل

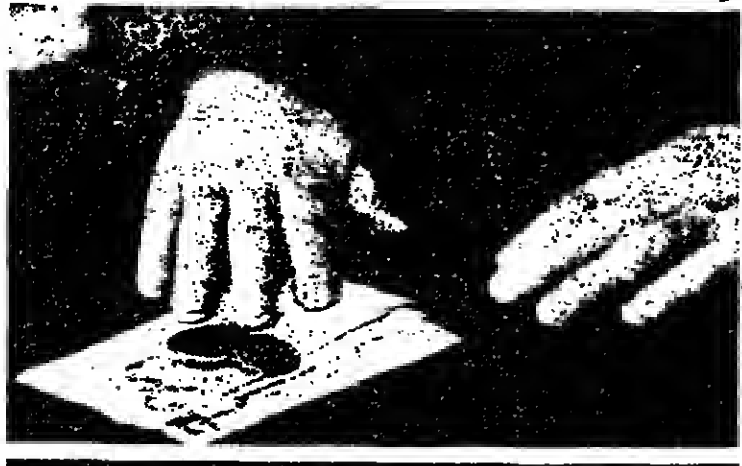
Attitude to work
 *Keen *Satisfactory *Selective *Not enthusiastic *Work-shy
 Comment (how far attitude affected by health, physical or mental disablement, domestic problems or any other circumstances)

Form B.6A is the instrument used by Social Security officials to separate the deserving from the undeserving poor. The existence of an official category "work-shy" was still denied by the Ministry last week.

THE SECRET MACHINERY OF THE POVERTY CODE

INSIGHT

on the hidden power of bureaucracy



number of wage-stop cases would be halved.

Yet the nature of the problem can only be gleaned from the secret code. David Ennals, who was the Labour Minister in charge of social security at the time of the policy change, said: "I did not know overtime was not taken into account. . . . They should use real earnings, not basic wages."

Most social workers probably believe that failure to include overtime rates results from individual errors by officials. In the words of a Child Poverty Action Group pamphlet: "Probable overtime earnings should be (but seldom are) added to these basic rates." But the cause is not individual error. It is the working of the secret system.

THE POWER given to even junior staff of the Commission is illustrated by the "work shy" rule.

It is known that the Commission has formidable powers to deal with what, in public, they call the "voluntarily unemployed." If jobs are available in an area, for example, a single, fit, unskilled man under 45 can have all benefit cut off after four weeks. Other claimants may be given three months' grace.

Even with the present unemployment, this cut-off is now being applied to about 100,000 people a year. But the Commission has always maintained that its decision stems from the fact that jobs are available, rather than from any judgment of individual character. Asked last week if "work shy" was used as an official category, a spokesman of the Department of Health and Social Security said, "No, we don't pigeon-hole people."

We reproduce, above, an extract from Form B.6A used by the Supplementary Benefits Commission. "Work shy" is the lowest of the five possible appraisals from which the examining official must make a selection.

Industrial psychologists are far from confident that there is any condition which can be simply labelled "work-shyness." There are cases where people with particular problems may lose interest in work; but considerable training is needed to diagnose the state, and in most cases it is transient. For that reason, the Department of Employment and Productivity does not use the term. "It does not define anything," said one DEP man last week.

Form B.6A ignores these complexities. The simple diagnosis is made by an "executive officer." He can be as young as 18. He should have 13 weeks' training — but only three in an actual training course. And the shortage of staff is such that many officers work for months before even taking that course. Anyway, there is no specific instruction on classification of work attitudes.

Nevertheless, an executive officer's assessment will stay on a man's file. It can follow him around the country if he moves.

We asked ex-minister Ennals

Patrick Campbell

Fed-up Nomads

NOW IS THE TIME of the Nomads. Now is the time when there is a new arrival every 94 minutes at the reception desk of every hotel in Britain. They wait there 4 minutes 18 seconds, to receive the key of room number 504, because the previous occupants are at this very moment paying their bill, preparatory to moving out.

Once they have the key it will take them 22 minutes and 50 seconds to instal themselves in room 504. At the end of that time they will have bung up the crumpled clothes in the wardrobe, put their tooth-brushes in the bathroom glasses, found out how the windows open and shut, the television set works and room service can be obtained.

All over the hotel the guests are as busy as ants, moving up and down, in and out, leaving parcels with the hall porter and greeting for the fortieth time the elderly and distinguished man working the lift. In a curious way the Nomads work hard, though in theory they are waited on hand and foot. Handing in the room-key, getting it out again. Putting out shoes, taking them in again. Ringing down for the morning papers, only to find that they are already outside the door. But in no way do the Nomads work harder than in providing

themselves with food and drink. On the evening of the arrival they dine in the hotel restaurant. So convenient. One prawn cocktail, one artichaut vinaigrette, one soupe à l'oignon and then one tour-nedos chasseur, one sole Bercy and for me the gigot d'agneau. And two vodka martinis and a bottle of Beaujolais Villages. And later on nothing for me or her but my daughter would like vanilla ice-cream with hot chocolate sauce. Coffee, certainly, and two Remy Martin but nothing for her. Delicious.

Next morning I spend some time on the telephone to room service. Breakfast, please. One large orange juice, one small, one China tea with lemon, one eggs and bacon, toast and coffee. Very good indeed, and served on a bedside trolley.

We decide to go out for lunch. We open the menu. Escargots? No. Omelette aux fines herbes? Don't think so. Yes, waiter, we have decided. One artichaut vinaigrette, one tomato salad, one paté maison and then a fillet steak, one steak-and-kidney pudding, and a liver and bacon. Apéritif? Oh, yes, two Bloody Marys and a Campari soda and with lunch some sort of a Bordeaux. And later on we have three Remy Martin and coffee and already

a little swollen we sit looking at the other lunchers in silence. Dinner time comes round. We open the menu. Just one small something each? Super! Two grilled sole and kidneys on toast. The very thing. But the waiter assures us that the melon is too good to be missed. Well, all right, then. Just a little prosciutto with it, sir? Why not? Then the ladies decide they'd rather have a prawn cocktail and a smoked eel respectively and I settle, madly, for quenelles de brochet, and after that not kidneys on toast but brains, au beurre noir. And three Tom Collins and Chablis with the sole and then three crème de menthe, two with cognac, and coffee and cocoa and ham and lamb and marmalade and my God we're going to be here for another week.

By the third day the ordering has become almost impossible. One Tio Mary, one Campari soda and a pint of gall, twenty-three soup en brioche and en and en and en. And the worst of it is that all this fearful eating has generated voracious appetites in the three of us that not even the physical agony of opening yet another menu can still. Pity the poor Nomads. They really work for their living.

DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH & SOCIAL SECURITY

Above, an applicant leaving a social security office in London; below, an extract from the secret AX code, used in cases where fraud (e.g., claiming benefit while still in work) is suspected. No proof is required before cutting off the cash, and the claimant need not always be told the evidence

2109. There will be cases where, before evidence to establish fraud can be obtained, it is clear from the information available (the distinction is important) that the claimant is either not entitled to benefit or is entitled to a lesser amount. The benefit adjustment should be made without delay, the guidance in AX 2124 followed and enquiries pursued with a view to obtaining evidence on which subsequent fraud action can be taken. Examples are as follows:

last week whether he knew of the "work shy" classification. He replied: "I cannot recall being aware of it; but I can't say certainly that I didn't know at the time."

THE BIGGEST growth point in the supplementary benefits industry is the campaign to track down "fraud." Over 100 pages of the AX Code—a document unknown outside the Ministry—lay down the rules for this. The most sensitive parts deal with the work of the Special Investigators, whose job is secretly to collect evidence of fraud: typically, cases where people claim benefits while still in work.

Paragraph 2109 of the AX Code flatly contradicts the concept that a man is innocent until proved guilty. It reads: "There will be cases where, before evidence to establish fraud can be obtained, it is clear from the information available (the distinction is important) that the claimant is either not entitled to benefit or is entitled to a lesser amount. The benefit adjustment should be made without delay. . . . The italics are official: the distinction between information and evidence is not explained.

Enter the Special Investigators

In cases where "there is more than a vague suspicion that the person is committing fraud," the choice of words is revealing. "There will usually be no alternative," says the Code, "but to continue payment of benefit until the position is resolved."

The job of "resolving" the problem rests with the Fraud Officers in each local office, or with the roving "elite," the Special Investigators. Under the Labour government the number of SIs doubled to 186; under the Conservatives, growth has been even faster: there are now 270, costing almost £1 million a year.

The official most immediately concerned is the Fraud Officer: there are normally one or two of these at each of the 986 local Social Security offices.

A Fraud Officer is supposed

to receive a week's intensive training. In practice, it is common for someone to fill the post at one or two days' notice. As with other parts of the supplementary benefits system, decisions vital to a family's future are being made every day by officials lacking even the qualifications which, at a national level, the Supplementary Benefits Commission considers necessary.

The SIs, who work out of the regional offices, have more power. An SI seeking evidence of fraud acts like a policeman—some of them are ex-police. But their influence can be greater than any policeman's. For the SI presents his evidence directly to the local office manager; therefore, he may be policeman, prosecutor and jury. The manager, who decides whether to cut off benefit, remains the judge.

The Ministry assured us last week that "the SI informs the claimant of all the evidence against him or her which might be used to establish fraud or overpayment." Section 8 of paragraph 2493 shows that this is not so.

This section deals with the case of a woman suspected of "cohabiting" with a man. Part of the SI's job is to keep her house under watch for the morning and evening of three consecutive days. If the SI sees a man entering the house one evening, or leaving one morning, and acquires other corroborative evidence, he then questions the woman. The AX Code instructs him as follows: "Tell her that a man (her husband if it is the case) has been seen to leave her address in the morning and return at night. Do not tell her the number of occasions on which a watch has been kept. . . ."

Thus the woman is not allowed to hear the detailed direct evidence of the case against her.

Laying down his great plan from which the present structure of social benefits derives, Sir William (later Lord) Beveridge said in 1942: "The work of the Assistance Board shows that assistance subject to means test can be administered with sympathetic justice and discretion taking full account of individual circum-

stances." But he never envisaged the vast system of social support we now find necessary. "The scope of assistance will be narrowed from the beginning and will diminish throughout the transition period."

As the scope of assistance has, in the event, increased, so criticism of the working of the Supplementary Benefits Commission has grown. So far, this has centred on individual cases, and the defence has been that isolated misjudgments do not reflect upon the system itself.

But the Commission effectively prohibits examination of the system by its refusal to publish the "A" code, its main argument is that benefits are in so many areas "discretionary"—to be given or withheld as the SBC officials see fit—that to publish details would encourage claimants to regard them as "rights." This ignores the fact, unknown until now, that the Commission's "A Circulars" are designed precisely to ensure what one civil servant called "uniformity of discretion": there is no reason why these criteria should not be published too. In any event, it is because this reliance upon discretion gives a civil servant power to make judgments as between the deserving and undeserving poor, that the attitudes underpinning these decisions are important.

Study of the "A" code and its related documents suggests that the problems are not merely those of individual error, but lie in the secret system itself.

Double glazing? Why pay up to twice our price?

Warmlife by Crittall-Hope can save you as much as 50% on double glazing your home. Why the staggering price advantage? Because Warmlife is so easy for you to fit yourself. So you need pay only for the units—not the installation. If you prefer, we will fit Warmlife for you, giving a separate quotation for the job. That way you know just what your money is buying. And you'll still make a very worthwhile saving . . . because you benefit from the economies of large scale production. Remember, Crittall-Hope is Britain's largest manufacturer of windows. Warmlife units are tailor-made to suit your windows and come fully assembled and ready-glazed. You can have hinged, sliding or fixed panels. They'll all do what only really good double glazing can do; keep in warmth, keep out draughts . . . and cut fuel bills so that you'll really notice the difference. Send now for free "Warmlife" colour brochure, price information sheets and details of generous discounts.



Crittall-Hope NEW Warmlife: you can't buy better. So why pay more?

To Crittall-Hope Double Glazing Ltd. Dept STB3
 Crittall Road, Witham, Essex. Telephone: Witham 3481
 Please send me free Warmlife colour brochure and details of discounts and deferred terms.

Name _____
 Address _____
 County _____ Tel. No. _____
 Member of the Insulation Glazing Association.

The Leicester Permanent: you can get your money when you need it.

Money in the Leicester Permanent is always available whenever you need it—and yet it earns a splendid 5% interest with income tax paid by the Society. Not many other investments give you so much—and first class security too.

Find out more by talking to the manager of your local branch office. He will be pleased to advise you.



Leicester Permanent Building Society

Office: Oakby, Leicester LE2 4PF. Branch Office addresses—see telephone directory.

Atticus

SR Clydeside is a depressed area and Cowes is a boom town. The builders have been sinking the wrong sort of ship. If the sight of reds of colourful spinners blooming in the easy Cowes wind is a sure economic. There's about a million pounds worth of it bobbing in the gentle tide. So who goes yachting? The people and it, with the result that Cowes has become very much the watering rich upper middle classes, and no longer the retreat for royalty sailing elite (RN Ltd.).

big yachts cost less than £20,000 boat and belongs to an Australian, Alan Bond, cost £70,000 up front Down Under cost and that included flying and four doctors and his psychiatrist. Then he wasn't at the Aussie team? ask, why a psychiatrist? then is King of Cowes, converted seafaring sail on Street house, with built in, has set an excellent, which has neighbourhood. David Livingston, fisherman who's made a concrete pipes, put a out in two, Dick Thirby, and 21-year-old son of manager, found that his on small for a pool, so made in concrete and got longside. When Terry popped in by helicopter on his friend Max's roof, it a helpout jetty, he would like a mighty like Max's Vivacity, but in view of Max's grand restoration number Max he prefers a family car, Rolls.

rd Beaverbrook's son, and Express newspapers, respectfully known as God, and autocratic, a trait man of sixty-two, and like the ex-Battle of er pilot (DSO and DFC) (That also explains his isket stance: "I hate the rever.")

Philip and Prince Charles Alexandra were guests dinner Max put on last he doesn't particularly the Duke. He called the bloody awful newspaper, in particular, the Press, that all, Be in good for Britain, and the Common Market.

THERE'S more than a generation gap at Cowes, though there are signs that the Royal Yacht Squadron's tradition of snobbery may be dwindling. Prince Philip mercifully had some effect on the Squadron, and successfully pressed them to build an annexe where women could go. The presence of women still makes many of them uncomfortable. An Australian told us he was invited to a dinner at the Squadron which ended abruptly at 10 pm, and just as he was about to leave through the main door with his wife, the host hissed and said: "Ladies leave by the side door."

A young Canadian yachtsman, Keith Pirie, who's reading anthropology.



A pride of Heaths

THIS is the first year the whole glowing pride of Heaths has come to Cowes: father William, eighty-three, who gets jollier every year, Ted's stepmother, Mary, who's got a great sense of fun, together with younger brother John, a building inspector, with his wife Muriel, John, in particular, thought Cowes was fantastic.

The family is Ted's best PR outfit. Step-mother Mary is very concerned about the way the PM comes across over the media. "People think he's stuffy and dull, and he's not that way at all. He's warm, human, witty and generous. He's very considerate, and never goes out without telling me where he's going, he never forgets birthdays, and he's Muriel, John, in particular, thought Cowes was fantastic."



William and Mary and John and Muriel

He does get moody sometimes, and then we don't interfere. One night he came home in a mood, and without a word he tucked Maggie May (she's one of our beagles) under his arm and went straight up to bed. He was still in a mood when he came down in the morning. But that afternoon he went out and bought me Thank You Very Much

by the Scaffold." Ted listens to her suggestions, and stopped wearing light suits on telly after she said they didn't suit him. Now she's disappointed that he's had his hair cut shorter. "I liked it when it was long. Teddy used to joke that it was cheaper not to have it cut. He said it made good economic sense."

IN Atticus' column on July 11 I drew attention to a publisher's disclaimer in the Sphere paperback edition of Constable's *The Life of Byron*. The disclaimer stated that any similarity between the characters in the story and actual persons, whether alive or dead, was purely coincidental. This was a slip by the publisher. The disclaimer appeared in the first edition of the paperback published in 1968 but was removed when it was reprinted in October last. No reflection was intended, of course, on Constable's *The Life of Byron* and I am very sorry to learn of the assurance he feels at what I intended as a humorous reference.

Cowestalking

AFTER the heavy sentences for the young OZ editors there's no quelling the salty sea-dog life. For this week Sorry, but then, let's try any kind of bridge across the Generation Gap. The seventy-four and overers like long hair send a shiver through their timbers. "If you've got your hair looking like a sheep's, you can't see out."

THE RATHER brash and likeable Americans don't play the Cowes games. On Monday some of them boasted they'd been chucked out of a Cowes discotheque and had to give a bonny £10 to keep two of their mates out of jail (that can't be right). But some non-sailing publicity girls present warmed to their simple ways: "We went to one of their parties and they threw ice-cream at each other. Then they put sausages and toilet paper in chamber pots and stuck them on their heads. The British are boring. They go out in big groups, smell of beer and Brut and never try to pull you. They say, 'What's your pleasure,' and they mean what do you want to drink."

COWESTALK sample: Member of the Squadron: "So-and-so has just asked me for a ticket to get into the Squadron. He said, 'Lord, Typhoon invited him in yesterday. Really, you don't do that in polite society.'"

DID Heath get the job as skipper of the British team on the basis of being a good sailor, or being PM? "He's only an average-to-good yachtsman," said one yachting correspondent, "but his crew is first-class, and he's an excellent leader. He's very intense, and in sailing concentration and attention to detail is vital." And another correspondent: "We call him the percentage man. He never takes risks, and he gets efficiency by eradicating errors. He always makes a safe start by going straight down the line."

QUEEN MARY used to come to Cowes even though she didn't like sailing: our present Queen never goes. Jack Frost, oldest of the yachting journalists, says Queen Mary used to wander round the shops. She'd go into the butchers and poke the meat with her stick, and say: "That's a nice piece of meat, Mr. Cole." One of the Squadron members says he heard the story when the Queen never comes to Cowes from the Queen's cousin, Doris Milford Hore, who died last year. "When she was Princess Elizabeth, Philip had her down to Cowes, and they spent an evening with Uffa. When she went to sit down she found he'd put a whoopee cushion under her. She is supposed to have told Philip later: 'In the words of my great-grandmother I am not amused, and I won't ever go near that Uffa Fox again.'"

Michael Bateman

Grey hair?

AMAZING PROVEN TREATMENT RESTORES NATURAL LOOKING COLOUR IN ONLY 3 WEEKS

Younger days you can look years younger. Formula 16 is a safe, scientific formula already proven by thousands. Unlike other preparations, it is non-greasy. And unlike dyes and rinses, Formula 16 conditions your hair and restores your natural looking colour—fair, red or dark—from the actual roots. And because it works gradually there is no sudden embarrassing change of colour. Formula 16 is ideal for both men and women. Just apply a few drops to the scalp each day. Formula 16 feeds back colour to your hair. What's more it actually makes it easier to manage. In three short weeks you'll look and feel a different, younger person. After this, just one application of Formula 16 a week keeps your hair young and lustrous. Prove for yourself that grey hair is a thing of the past. Buy a bottle of Formula 16 now. Only £1.35. From Boots and all leading chemists and hairdressers.

Also Formula 16 Shampoo— for mature hair. Only 17p a bottle.

Formula 16

SCHOOL FEES It pays to plan ahead

Our free book gives the facts and figures

GILBERT WALKER

Designed to be different. An elegant four-door sports coupe. V12 acceleration. Effortless cruising, 115 m.p.h. top speed. Magnificent road-holding. Precise steering. Powerful brakes. Built by craftsmen.

(In component form).

Fully illustrated literature and price lists

GILBERT CARS LTD.
Dept ST (32), Llandudno
Pwllheli, Mr. Pwllheli
Glamorgan, Tel: Newton
Llandudno 597

ROB WALKERS

VOLVO ALFA MERCEDES LANCIA FERRARI PORSCHE

A WIDE SELECTION OF NEW AND USED MODELS ALWAYS AVAILABLE

New MERCEDES 280 SE Saloons in brown or beige, auto, p.a.s. £4,940
New MERCEDES 250 Saloons, auto, in brown, blue or white, from £3,332
New MERCEDES 220 Saloons, auto, in white, manual or auto, from £2,664
New VOLVO 1400 GLE, manual or auto, choice of colours £1,577
New VOLVO 1800 GLE, manual or auto, choice of colours £1,749
New ALFA ROMEO 1750 Saloons, grey, red, dark blue or maroon from £1,883
New ALFA ROMEO 1750 SPIDER convertible in white, 9,000 miles £1,910
New MERCEDES 280 SL, red, blue, white, 13,000 miles only £4,375
New MERCEDES 280 SL, convertible in blue, auto, p.a.s. £2,495
New MERCEDES 280 SL, convertible in blue, auto, p.a.s. £2,495
New JENSEN Interceptor, finished in red, blue, steel, radio, etc. £2,895
New HCA GT Coupe in white, 11,400 miles only, 1 owner £2,950
New MARCUS 2-litre kit available. Please for details of special price

FOR DETAILS OF OUR CURRENT STOCK AND AN INSTANT EXCHANGE PRICE
TELEPHONE THE SALES DIRECTOR AT CHAPMANSLADE (WILTS) 383

LAZEBY GARAGES LTD

DISTRIBUTORS

1970 Alfa Romeo 1750 GTV Coupé, one owner from new. Radio, p.a.s. £2,495
1970 Alfa Romeo 1750 GTV Coupé, one owner from new. Radio, p.a.s. £2,495
1970 Alfa Romeo 1750 GTV Coupé, one owner from new. Radio, p.a.s. £2,495
1970 Alfa Romeo 1750 GTV Coupé, one owner from new. Radio, p.a.s. £2,495
1970 Alfa Romeo 1750 GTV Coupé, one owner from new. Radio, p.a.s. £2,495
1970 Alfa Romeo 1750 GTV Coupé, one owner from new. Radio, p.a.s. £2,495
1970 Alfa Romeo 1750 GTV Coupé, one owner from new. Radio, p.a.s. £2,495
1970 Alfa Romeo 1750 GTV Coupé, one owner from new. Radio, p.a.s. £2,495
1970 Alfa Romeo 1750 GTV Coupé, one owner from new. Radio, p.a.s. £2,495
1970 Alfa Romeo 1750 GTV Coupé, one owner from new. Radio, p.a.s. £2,495

WORKING MOTORS

1970 Alfa Romeo 1750 GTV Coupé, one owner from new. Radio, p.a.s. £2,495
1970 Alfa Romeo 1750 GTV Coupé, one owner from new. Radio, p.a.s. £2,495
1970 Alfa Romeo 1750 GTV Coupé, one owner from new. Radio, p.a.s. £2,495
1970 Alfa Romeo 1750 GTV Coupé, one owner from new. Radio, p.a.s. £2,495
1970 Alfa Romeo 1750 GTV Coupé, one owner from new. Radio, p.a.s. £2,495
1970 Alfa Romeo 1750 GTV Coupé, one owner from new. Radio, p.a.s. £2,495
1970 Alfa Romeo 1750 GTV Coupé, one owner from new. Radio, p.a.s. £2,495
1970 Alfa Romeo 1750 GTV Coupé, one owner from new. Radio, p.a.s. £2,495
1970 Alfa Romeo 1750 GTV Coupé, one owner from new. Radio, p.a.s. £2,495
1970 Alfa Romeo 1750 GTV Coupé, one owner from new. Radio, p.a.s. £2,495

Stratstone

for Daimler and Jaguar

40 Berkeley Street, London, W.1

1969 Daimler 4404 4200 Limousine finished in Black with Blue/Grey interior. Fitted with electric division. £2,750.

The Causeway, Egham, Surrey. Egham 2266

1969 Daimler 4404 4200 Limousine finished in Black with Blue/Grey interior. Fitted with electric division. £2,750.

142/144 New Kings Rd., S.W.9. 01-721 5651.

SERVICE GARAGES LIMITED

As a qualified Mercedes-Benz specialist, we offer a comprehensive service for all Mercedes-Benz cars. Our experienced staff will carry out all repairs and maintenance work to the highest standards. We also offer a full range of accessories and spare parts. Contact us today for a free estimate.

GILBERT CARS LTD.
Dept ST (32), Llandudno
Pwllheli, Mr. Pwllheli
Glamorgan, Tel: Newton
Llandudno 597

Mercedes-Benz

EXCLUSIVELY

1970 J1 3.0 Convertible, black, 11,000 miles, £5,975
1968 230SE Auto, power windows, 10,000 miles, £3,575
1970 280SE Coupe, power windows, 12,000 miles, £3,475
1968 230SE Auto, power windows, 10,000 miles, £3,575
1970 280SE Coupe, power windows, 12,000 miles, £3,475
1968 230SE Auto, power windows, 10,000 miles, £3,575
1970 280SE Coupe, power windows, 12,000 miles, £3,475
1968 230SE Auto, power windows, 10,000 miles, £3,575
1970 280SE Coupe, power windows, 12,000 miles, £3,475
1968 230SE Auto, power windows, 10,000 miles, £3,575
1970 280SE Coupe, power windows, 12,000 miles, £3,475

WATERLOO CARRIAGE CO.

380EL 2.5 V8
Coupe convertible, dark green with black leather interior. Automatic, power windows, 11,000 miles, complete overhauls. £4,950.

1970, Metallic white with black leather interior. Automatic, power windows, 11,000 miles, complete overhauls. £4,950.

1970, Metallic white with black leather interior. Automatic, power windows, 11,000 miles, complete overhauls. £4,950.

1970, Metallic white with black leather interior. Automatic, power windows, 11,000 miles, complete overhauls. £4,950.

WATERLOO CARRIAGE CO.

380EL 2.5 V8
Coupe convertible, dark green with black leather interior. Automatic, power windows, 11,000 miles, complete overhauls. £4,950.

1970, Metallic white with black leather interior. Automatic, power windows, 11,000 miles, complete overhauls. £4,950.

1970, Metallic white with black leather interior. Automatic, power windows, 11,000 miles, complete overhauls. £4,950.

1970, Metallic white with black leather interior. Automatic, power windows, 11,000 miles, complete overhauls. £4,950.

WATERLOO CARRIAGE CO.

380EL 2.5 V8
Coupe convertible, dark green with black leather interior. Automatic, power windows, 11,000 miles, complete overhauls. £4,950.

1970, Metallic white with black leather interior. Automatic, power windows, 11,000 miles, complete overhauls. £4,950.

1970, Metallic white with black leather interior. Automatic, power windows, 11,000 miles, complete overhauls. £4,950.

1970, Metallic white with black leather interior. Automatic, power windows, 11,000 miles, complete overhauls. £4,950.

BMW-PARK LANE

TEST DRIVE A SPORTS COUPE FROM

BMW-PARK LANE

01-499 6881

BLUE 28CS BMW

1969 70. As new. Dual heating system, etc. and with 1100 cc. 62,222.

2002. BMW 1971. Red with black 7,500 miles. £1,660. Evening 01-423 8438.

FITZROY HOUSE offer 2000 CA Coupe automatic with p.a.s. Finished in Polaris (silver) with interior. Superb condition. 21,995. Laid out for 23,995. For instant part exchange price, tel: Parkmore (Dorset) 6145.

BMW 2000 M Coupé November, 1971. 11,000 miles. 01-423 8438.

1971 BMW 2000 Coupé with black leather interior. 11,000 miles. 01-423 8438.

1971 BMW 2000 Coupé with black leather interior. 11,000 miles. 01-423 8438.

WATERLOO CARRIAGE CO.

380EL 2.5 V8
Coupe convertible, dark green with black leather interior. Automatic, power windows, 11,000 miles, complete overhauls. £4,950.

1970, Metallic white with black leather interior. Automatic, power windows, 11,000 miles, complete overhauls. £4,950.

1970, Metallic white with black leather interior. Automatic, power windows, 11,000 miles, complete overhauls. £4,950.

1970, Metallic white with black leather interior. Automatic, power windows, 11,000 miles, complete overhauls. £4,950.

WATERLOO CARRIAGE CO.

380EL 2.5 V8
Coupe convertible, dark green with black leather interior. Automatic, power windows, 11,000 miles, complete overhauls. £4,950.

1970, Metallic white with black leather interior. Automatic, power windows, 11,000 miles, complete overhauls. £4,950.

1970, Metallic white with black leather interior. Automatic, power windows, 11,000 miles, complete overhauls. £4,950.

1970, Metallic white with black leather interior. Automatic, power windows, 11,000 miles, complete overhauls. £4,950.

WATERLOO CARRIAGE CO.

380EL 2.5 V8
Coupe convertible, dark green with black leather interior. Automatic, power windows, 11,000 miles, complete overhauls. £4,950.

1970, Metallic white with black leather interior. Automatic, power windows, 11,000 miles, complete overhauls. £4,950.

1970, Metallic white with black leather interior. Automatic, power windows, 11,000 miles, complete overhauls. £4,950.

1970, Metallic white with black leather interior. Automatic, power windows, 11,000 miles, complete overhauls. £4,950.

Did you realise that the Common Market gives proportionately more aid to poorer nations than we do?

Are you, in fact, as informed as you should be of all the advantages and disadvantages of Britain's entry into the EEC?

The final decision will soon be made. It will come after intensive debate in both Houses of Parliament and long discussions among private individuals. It will come after unequalled reporting and comment in The Times, established already as the newspaper with the fullest coverage of European affairs. The issue is immense and, in deciding your attitude, The Times will be indispensable.

When The Times speaks, the world listens.

Inside track

Pauper Nation

HAVING enthusiastically accepted the European Amateur Boxing Association's offer to stage the European junior championships in England in September, 1972, our own ABA have had to admit they are incapable of running them.

"I'm bitterly disappointed and personally very humiliated," says Dr. Louis Blomstein, the ABA chairman. Blomstein blames a lack of dedicated workers as the root cause of the embarrassing failure. But there were three other disturbing problems: (a) the cost of at least £50,000, against which the Sports Council offered "a meagre" £3,000 plus three dollars a day per competitor, (b) the lack of an available venue large enough to accommodate 10,000 people for 15 days, and (c) a hotel free to house 300 visitors, including 150 competitors.

Bravely, some tentative plans had been laid. Accommodation to the value of £10,000 had been provisionally reserved at Ruxton's Palace Hotel, and the championships, it was envisaged, would take place in the Warren night club, near Manchester. But now Britain's boxing face is red.

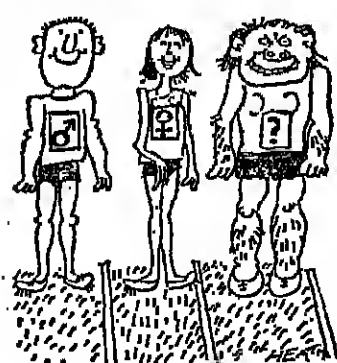
The junior championships will probably go to Rumania instead but Blomstein, conceding his check, says: "I still hope to get the senior European amateur championships in 1974." We can't see poor Britain getting them.

WE kept tears as you will have on hearing that bookmaker John Banks is owed £98,000 by credit customers. However, thanks to his "bribe" of £10,000 of an ordinary bookies' board of Windsor and Brighton last week, business is looking up. On the first race at Windsor, for example, without a board his takings were £54.4. But on the second and third, with the board, he collected £2,980 and £3,064.

Trial of Sex

THE European Athletics Championships and sex tests have become somewhat synonymous since they were introduced at Budapest in 1966. Now Maria Hartman, secretary of the Women's A.A.A., says she intends to suggest "informally" at the International Amateur Athletic Federation meeting after the Helsinki competition, that sex tests should be taken every two years instead of once in a lifetime. "A lot," she says, "can happen in a couple of years."

That's a view pooped by Professor C. J. Dewhurst, co-author of *The Intersexual Disorders* and a medical witness at the April Ashley sex-change divorce case. There are, he says, four medical criteria for determining sex, and the IAAF ought to define first what they mean by sex (which no one has yet done).



At least two examples of athletes competing as females and later settling down socially as men are known. But the chromosome test which ruled out Elaine St. Pierre, a Polish woman in 1967, would be pointless to repeat because chromosomes are static from birth. More thorough tests, to prove say an increase in male hormones, would be costly, complex and difficult to administer. And they would also involve tripping in front of a panel of independent doctors.

To subject athletes to that every two years would outrage girls and parents, and further reduce interest in athletics.

WE invite all amateur judges to consider the muddled justice of the Amateur Roving Association. At Nottingham this week-end, Britain's best carless pair, trying to qualify for the Euro-Gym Look and Tim Crooks, are seen Champions by establishing the best of three against Cambridge's P. Summers and M. Hort. Democratic, until you consider that they not only trounced Summers and Hort by 15 lengths of Henley, but finished fifth at Lucerne 22 seconds in their standard.

It's Permissive

"CAN you imagine Leeds United paying somebody else to play extra well to beat Arsenal?" asked John Hardaker, the secretary of the Football League.

His question was a reference to the three German players, World Cup full-back Patzke, suspended for 10 years, and internationals Manglich and Wild, suspended for life, in trials a fortnight ago.

Yesterday, another West German international footballer, Lothar Uthmann, until you consider that they not only trounced Summers and Hort by 15 lengths of Henley, but finished fifth at Lucerne 22 seconds in their standard.

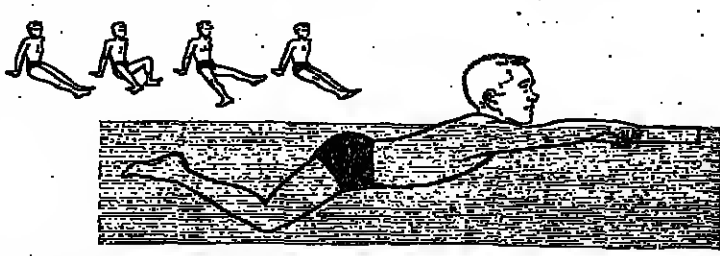
Uthmann is said to have asked directors of Offenbach for a large sum of money if his team beat R. W. Oberhausen in the point being that both Offenbach and Oberhausen were in danger of automatic relegation from the Bundesliga to the regional leagues. As it happened, the match was drawn 1-1.

In Switzerland, the principle of such a payment has been defended oddly by Edy Nagel, German FA's tribunal. He is similarly accused of accepting an inducement to join.

Uthmann is said to have asked directors of Offenbach for a large sum of money if his team beat R. W. Oberhausen in the point being that both Offenbach and Oberhausen were in danger of automatic relegation from the Bundesliga to the regional leagues. As it happened, the match was drawn 1-1.

ABREAST OF THE REST

BREAST STROKE used to be the first stroke taught to beginners because it does not necessitate putting the face in the water. It is a difficult stroke, however, to master. The last in our series for parents and children, initiated and written by JUDY GRINHAM, devised and drawn by PAUL TREVILLION.

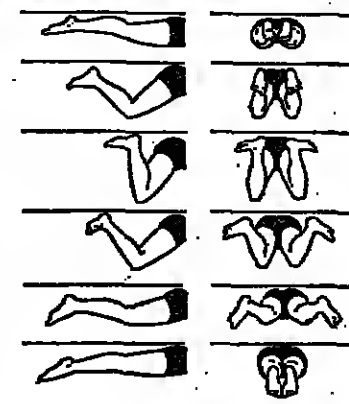


IN the breaststroke the body should lie as flat along the surface as possible. The shoulders should be level with the surface, with the legs slightly lower than the head and the heels almost reaching the top of the water.

The leg kick should be demonstrated and practised first on land from a straight, lay-out position of the legs, with the heels together and the toes pointed. The feet should be drawn up towards the seat. As the knees bend, they turn outwards and should be outside the line of the body. The thrust back and bringing together of the feet is a circular, swirling movement.

An old standby is useful here for children: to think of the leg movement of a frog for the knees and head, and an aeroplane's wings for the position reached in the kick before bringing the feet together. The movement, though, should never be jerky.

It is a good idea to practise the leg kick lying over a stool in front



of a mirror at home, before trying it in the water holding on to the rail at the edge of the pool. From there one should go on to practise holding a float with the hands.

THE movement with the arms starts with them both stretched out in a flat, streamlined position along the water surface. The hands should be together slightly cupped, with the fingers closed and the palms facing down. The pull is achieved by pressing downwards and outwards to a position about 12 inches below the surface and just outside the line of the shoulders. At the completion of this movement, the hands are drawn inward under the chest, from where they push forward and upward.

It is the timing—the arms pulling as the legs are being drawn up in preparation for the kick—that needs to be practised and perfected.

Pressing the hands downwards and outwards lifts the head to allow breathing easily through the mouth. The air should be forced out through the nose and mouth.

SHOW JUMPING

THE WEST GERMAN team's victory in the Nations Cup at Dublin Horse Show on Friday, their third this year, means that they must now be the favourites for the Olympics in Munich next year. Is this a cause for alarm? Colonel Harry Llewellyn, chairman of the British selectors, does not think so. "What people forget," he said, "is that we have twice beaten Germany this year, once on their own ground at Aachen, Friday's Nations Cup, and the closest run event I've seen in years, and they only beat us by a quarter of a fault."

In 1963 and 1967 Great Britain was the favourite, and look what happened? I personally would rather be behind at this stage, and come with a run to Olympic year."

Heartening words—and even more heartening was the performance of David Broome's six-year-old Sportsman, jumping in his first Nations Cup over a very big and twisty

course. Sportsman put up the second best performance of the day, making only one mistake in each round. "He's the best since Sun-Valve," said Broome. "My only worry is his age. I'm not going to make up my mind about Olympics until well on into next season."

Harvey Smith, who was left out of the team for the first time in 12 years, had no grumbles. "I'm between horses at the moment, with Mattie Brown and my three young ones, Archie, Evan Jones and Bonnie Walker. They can all jump it, so I'm not worried

about the Olympics. All they need is some experience."

On Anne Moor's performance abroad this year there is no doubt of her ability to win an Olympic title, and she is in the fortunate position of having two horses, April Love and Psalm, who can jump the high one.

Favourites they might be at the moment, but the Germans are not without their problems. Jagermeister, recently purchased by the British selectors, is now a serious casualty. He had a crashing fall on Thursday, and X-rayed his knee. So his future is, to say the least, doubtful.

Nor was Askan all that impressive in the Nations Cup. After Halstead and London, the American looked as if they would dominate the jumping classes in Dublin, but the twisty courses have not suited their style.

Lester Piggott at a meeting can make a difference to the attendance of between 500 and 1,000.

The three-day Brighton meeting last week is the "banker" for that particular course. Compared to the depressingly meagre mid-week attendances usually found at Sandown and Kempton, the number of people who go there, particularly in view of the unambitious nature of the programme, is very large. On one Wednesday some years back 25,000 people squeezed in and the gates had to be closed. A number of those inside never caught a glimpse of a horse the entire afternoon.

As a matter of fact, even in August, Brighton attendances are down. Some research showed that London provided something like 60 per cent of those present. Not surprisingly, the atmosphere, cheerful and democratic, tends to bring back nostalgic memories of Alexandra Park.

As a matter of fact, even in August, Brighton attendances are down. Some research showed that London provided something like 60 per cent of those present. Not surprisingly, the atmosphere, cheerful and democratic, tends to bring back nostalgic memories of Alexandra Park.

As a matter of fact, even in August, Brighton attendances are down. Some research showed that London provided something like 60 per cent of those present. Not surprisingly, the atmosphere, cheerful and democratic, tends to bring back nostalgic memories of Alexandra Park.

As a matter of fact, even in August, Brighton attendances are down. Some research showed that London provided something like 60 per cent of those present. Not surprisingly, the atmosphere, cheerful and democratic, tends to bring back nostalgic memories of Alexandra Park.

As a matter of fact, even in August, Brighton attendances are down. Some research showed that London provided something like 60 per cent of those present. Not surprisingly, the atmosphere, cheerful and democratic, tends to bring back nostalgic memories of Alexandra Park.

As a matter of fact, even in August, Brighton attendances are down. Some research showed that London provided something like 60 per cent of those present. Not surprisingly, the atmosphere, cheerful and democratic, tends to bring back nostalgic memories of Alexandra Park.

As a matter of fact, even in August, Brighton attendances are down. Some research showed that London provided something like 60 per cent of those present. Not surprisingly, the atmosphere, cheerful and democratic, tends to bring back nostalgic memories of Alexandra Park.

As a matter of fact, even in August, Brighton attendances are down. Some research showed that London provided something like 60 per cent of those present. Not surprisingly, the atmosphere, cheerful and democratic, tends to bring back nostalgic memories of Alexandra Park.

As a matter of fact, even in August, Brighton attendances are down. Some research showed that London provided something like 60 per cent of those present. Not surprisingly, the atmosphere, cheerful and democratic, tends to bring back nostalgic memories of Alexandra Park.

As a matter of fact, even in August, Brighton attendances are down. Some research showed that London provided something like 60 per cent of those present. Not surprisingly, the atmosphere, cheerful and democratic, tends to bring back nostalgic memories of Alexandra Park.

As a matter of fact, even in August, Brighton attendances are down. Some research showed that London provided something like 60 per cent of those present. Not surprisingly, the atmosphere, cheerful and democratic, tends to bring back nostalgic memories of Alexandra Park.

As a matter of fact, even in August, Brighton attendances are down. Some research showed that London provided something like 60 per cent of those present. Not surprisingly, the atmosphere, cheerful and democratic, tends to bring back nostalgic memories of Alexandra Park.

Llewellyn pleased

by Raymond Brooks-Ward

course, Sportsman put up the second best performance of the day, making only one mistake in each round. "He's the best since Sun-Valve," said Broome. "My only worry is his age. I'm not going to make up my mind about Olympics until well on into next season."

Harvey Smith, who was left out of the team for the first time in 12 years, had no grumbles. "I'm between horses at the moment, with Mattie Brown and my three young ones, Archie, Evan Jones and Bonnie Walker. They can all jump it, so I'm not worried

about the Olympics. All they need is some experience."

On Anne Moor's performance abroad this year there is no doubt of her ability to win an Olympic title, and she is in the fortunate position of having two horses, April Love and Psalm, who can jump the high one.

Favourites they might be at the moment, but the Germans are not without their problems. Jagermeister, recently purchased by the British selectors, is now a serious casualty. He had a crashing fall on Thursday, and X-rayed his knee. So his future is, to say the least, doubtful.

Nor was Askan all that impressive in the Nations Cup. After Halstead and London, the American looked as if they would dominate the jumping classes in Dublin, but the twisty courses have not suited their style.

Lester Piggott at a meeting can make a difference to the attendance of between 500 and 1,000.

The three-day Brighton meeting last week is the "banker" for that particular course. Compared to the depressingly meagre mid-week attendances usually found at Sandown and Kempton, the number of people who go there, particularly in view of the unambitious nature of the programme, is very large. On one Wednesday some years back 25,000 people squeezed in and the gates had to be closed. A number of those inside never caught a glimpse of a horse the entire afternoon.

As a matter of fact, even in August, Brighton attendances are down. Some research showed that London provided something like 60 per cent of those present. Not surprisingly, the atmosphere, cheerful and democratic, tends to bring back nostalgic memories of Alexandra Park.

As a matter of fact, even in August, Brighton attendances are down. Some research showed that London provided something like 60 per cent of those present. Not surprisingly, the atmosphere, cheerful and democratic, tends to bring back nostalgic memories of Alexandra Park.

As a matter of fact, even in August, Brighton attendances are down. Some research showed that London provided something like 60 per cent of those present. Not surprisingly, the atmosphere, cheerful and democratic, tends to bring back nostalgic memories of Alexandra Park.

As a matter of fact, even in August, Brighton attendances are down. Some research showed that London provided something like 60 per cent of those present. Not surprisingly, the atmosphere, cheerful and democratic, tends to bring back nostalgic memories of Alexandra Park.

As a matter of fact, even in August, Brighton attendances are down. Some research showed that London provided something like 60 per cent of those present. Not surprisingly, the atmosphere, cheerful and democratic, tends to bring back nostalgic memories of Alexandra Park.

As a matter of fact, even in August, Brighton attendances are down. Some research showed that London provided something like 60 per cent of those present. Not surprisingly, the atmosphere, cheerful and democratic, tends to bring back nostalgic memories of Alexandra Park.

As a matter of fact, even in August, Brighton attendances are down. Some research showed that London provided something like 60 per cent of those present. Not surprisingly, the atmosphere, cheerful and democratic, tends to bring back nostalgic memories of Alexandra Park.

As a matter of fact, even in August, Brighton attendances are down. Some research showed that London provided something like 60 per cent of those present. Not surprisingly, the atmosphere, cheerful and democratic, tends to bring back nostalgic memories of Alexandra Park.

As a matter of fact, even in August, Brighton attendances are down. Some research showed that London provided something like 60 per cent of those present. Not surprisingly, the atmosphere, cheerful and democratic, tends to bring back nostalgic memories of Alexandra Park.

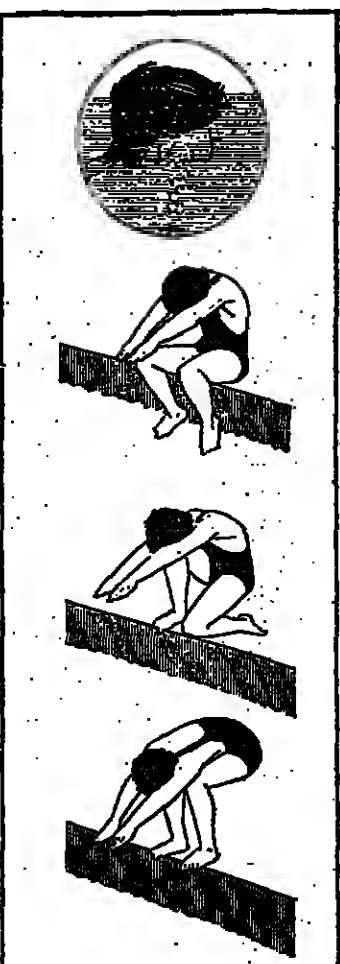
As a matter of fact, even in August, Brighton attendances are down. Some research showed that London provided something like 60 per cent of those present. Not surprisingly, the atmosphere, cheerful and democratic, tends to bring back nostalgic memories of Alexandra Park.

As a matter of fact, even in August, Brighton attendances are down. Some research showed that London provided something like 60 per cent of those present. Not surprisingly, the atmosphere, cheerful and democratic, tends to bring back nostalgic memories of Alexandra Park.

As a matter of fact, even in August, Brighton attendances are down. Some research showed that London provided something like 60 per cent of those present. Not surprisingly, the atmosphere, cheerful and democratic, tends to bring back nostalgic memories of Alexandra Park.

As a matter of fact, even in August, Brighton attendances are down. Some research showed that London provided something like 60 per cent of those present. Not surprisingly, the atmosphere, cheerful and democratic, tends to bring back nostalgic memories of Alexandra Park.

As a matter of fact, even in August, Brighton attendances are down. Some research showed that London provided something like 60 per cent of those present. Not surprisingly, the atmosphere, cheerful and democratic, tends to bring back nostalgic memories of Alexandra Park.



ONCE anyone can swim, the odds are that there will be a desire to dive too. But make sure the water is deep enough for diving. The beginner's major problem will be water going up the nose. A simple rule to defeat this is to imagine you have a cold and are blowing hard through the nose as the head enters the water. There are three stages leading to a rudimentary standing dive:

1 From sitting on the pool edge with the feet dangling over the edge, one falls forward with the arms stretched out above the head and the thumbs locked. The head should be kept well down between the arms to prevent landing flat on the stomach.

2 From kneeling on the edge, with one leg up and the toes curled over the edge to prevent slipping, imagine that the fingers are making a hole in the water through which the rest of the body will pass.

3 From a standing position with both feet curled over the pool edge, the knees bent with the body leaning forward and arms stretched.

TIPS

Always ensure that the kick is backwards with the feet, not downwards. Glide in the streamlined position when learning and don't hurry. Both legs must mirror each other exactly in their action. Don't point the toes too hard, or drop one shoulder lower than the other, or let the elbows drop. Maintain the rhythm of the stroke.

Is it a knock-out?

AT a time when TV's It's A Knock-out can win a mammoth following, does the new Sports Council stand a chance?

When Denis Howell was Minister for Sport, he won publicity for subjects which can die a quick death in terms of public interest if they are badly projected. He knew how to get people arguing about the disposition of facilities for physical recreation as well as how much money our Olympic team should receive. The first is as difficult as the latter is easy.

What Howell did is very much a measure of Roger Bannister's task as the new Sports Council chairman. He is backed by the new Minister for Sport, Eddon Griffiths, who is determined, if one is to believe his word, to melt into the background.

The worry here is that, if Eddon Griffiths knows little about the whole field of sport, he knows a great deal about sport, his life of running, research and medical consultancy has not necessarily prepared him for his new mantle.

It took a year after the Conservatives came to power for

even Bannister's appointment to be announced, and even longer for some, not all, members of his Council to be revealed.

That Bannister's motives are sincere is not in doubt. But it is conceivable that his sincerity and obvious dislike of controversy were thought suitable to sink an unwanted Labour legacy. Bannister, 42, believes, like Howell, in the visionary concept of broad participation, that people should not desert physical activity when they reach their thirties and forties and that facilities should not be built according to assumptions of what was necessary 10 to 15 years ago.

He feels that a real opportunity has been provided by freeing the Sports Council of Civil service strictures. In this belief he has wide support, but such independence carries with it a proportionately higher burden when it comes to achieving meaningful relationships with not only bodies like the Countryside Commission, but amateur and professional clubs and the public.

But to suggest to him that he might to this end take a tip from Des Wilson and he shudders:

Bannister is a shy man clearly averse to the type of public relations effort that Shelter had and is unwilling, unlike Wilson, to involve himself in any campaign. He admits of sport, "it's too emotive a subject," but he says, "the Council will arrive at decision on sporting grounds only; the Minister will make the political decisions. This was a stance that even the International Olympic Committee found impossible to maintain."

Moreover, Bannister does not quickly pick up his ears at the suggestion of a link with the Arts Council in certain endeavours. "The closest many people come to art is sport," he says. "It keeps you fit and makes you feel better. I would be in the Sports Council if I didn't believe it."

There is an Alice in Wonderland element to the job, he says. The Council will have to keep running fast, even to stay in the same place. By this end, it will meet perhaps six times a year.

John Lovesey

Bannister: what

OTHER SPORT

Springboks unbeaten

● SOUTH AFRICA beat Australia 15-10 in their final test in Sydney to become the first Springboks to win the trophy since 1953. In years since the first Springboks tour of Britain, every South African team has lost at least one match.

In the third test of the tour, South Africa scored tries through Visagie, Jansen and Ellis, with Visagie kicking a penalty and three conversions. Coles scored a try for Australia, and McClean kicked a penalty.

● JIMMY LINDLEY was suspended for three days (Monday to Wednesday inclusive) by the Newmarket stewards after riding October Fair into a stall and pinning the horse.

The stewards decided that October Fair had interfered with Gay Gunner and that Lindley was guilty of reckless riding.

● ROLLING OUT a relentless display on a sticky ash court, 32-year-old Jim McInt (Liberton), a former international, captured the title of Scottish champion by defeating yesterday for the fourth time in his career. He beat Alex Sibbald (Glasgow) 6-3 in a one-sided final, with 15 breaks.

The women's singles final provided an intriguing duel between the 21-year-old Armstrong twins, of Kilmarston, who were 1-0 up, and Evelyn, the bolder, 6-4.

On the day given mounted the greater backhand pressure, projecting some scoring winners to the corners, and it was not all baseline stuff either.

Liberton's final J. McIntyre and J. McIntyre, 7-0, 6-3.

SWIMMING

A new swim queen sails

by Patrick Rowley

THE QUEEN of British swimming has been deposed. Alex Jackson, Olympic finalist and winner of the women's 100 metres freestyle title for the last four years, has finally lost that title. She was beaten into third place in the final of the National swimming championships at Leeds yesterday.

The danger of her was made more apparent in the heats when she was led home by Lesley Allardice but it was not the 14-year-old Kirkcaldy-born girl who won the final but another girl who had sailed into the final in an outside lane. Southampton's Lynda Hill.

Hill swam very badly in her heat and, as if to atone, went out very fast in the final and was at least a length ahead at the turn. It looked to be her race all the way but over the last 20 metres she began to falter and Allardice who emerged from the pack and ate into the lead.

In tremendously thrilling finish, there appeared to be nothing to choose between them and some thought Allardice to win the 200 and 400 metres titles, but Lynda Hill edged her to victory by a tenth of a second.

Hill's time of 62.2 sec was three tenths of a second slower than her best but Allardice, yet again showing what a fine competitor she is, improved on her previous fastest time.

Miss Jackson, in third place, was 1.5 sec outside her best and is clearly to credit of a good race from competition. It is said to see her demise but it is surely good for British swimming that new blood is coming through.

The 1500 metres was more exciting than usual with the 1971 freestyle discovery, Brian Brinkley of Peterborough, stepping up in dis-

tance and challenging the powerful South Londoner, John Mills, who had pushed his way into the 200 and 400 metres earlier in the week.

Brinkley set a hot pace and was 15.5 sec ahead at the half distance but Brinkley was beginning to struggle while Mills was looking stronger and stronger. Mills closed the race to perfection, took Brinkley on the 26th length and won in 17min 21.5 sec, the third fastest time ever by a Briton.

Brinkley, who improved 25 sec on his previous best in his second 1500, admitted to being "shattered" and decided to scratch from the 400 metres individual medley and sleep all afternoon.

The 1500 success was Mills' second title of the championships and once again he completed a double, as Denise Banks (Chesham), 14, who won her second individual medley title, was also crowned champion over 200 metres by another virtual unknown, Sue Richardson (Beckenham) who is 16.

Green-eyed Claire Stockley, 17, joined the long list of new names to the championships by winning the women's 200 metres butterfly ahead of the holder, Vicki Smith, (Eire) the Canadian and two Scot girls, Lisa Jones and Louise Ross (Warren).

Miss Smith obviously not back to top peak fitness after a road accident, Stockley won in 2 min 37.2 sec with Brown reversing Scottish championship form by taking second place ahead of Ross by a tenth of a second in 2 min 39.5 sec.

It must have been particularly galling for Miss Brown to realise that she would have won her first A.S.A. title and Scotland's first of these championships if she could have repeated her heat time of 2 min 55.8 sec.

Brown admitted that she was "shattered" and decided to scratch from the 400 metres individual medley and sleep all afternoon.

The 1500 success was Mills' second title of the championships and once again he completed a double, as Denise Banks (Chesham), 14, who won her second individual medley title, was also crowned champion over 200 metres by another virtual unknown, Sue Richardson (Beckenham) who is 16.

Green-eyed Claire Stockley, 17, joined the long list of new names to the championships by winning the women's 200 metres butterfly ahead of the holder, Vicki Smith, (Eire) the Canadian and two Scot girls, Lisa Jones and Louise Ross (Warren).

Miss Smith obviously not back to top peak fitness after a road accident, Stockley won in 2 min 37.2 sec with Brown reversing Scottish championship form by taking second place ahead of Ross by a tenth of a second in 2 min 39.5 sec.

It must have been particularly galling for Miss Brown to realise that she would have won her first A.S.A. title and Scotland's first of these championships if she could have repeated her heat time of 2 min 55.8 sec.

After 10 days of the championships, the winners of the 100 metres, 200 metres, 400 metres, 800 metres, 1500 metres, 5000 metres, 10000 metres, 20000 metres, 50000 metres, 100000 metres, 200000 metres, 500000 metres, 1000000 metres, 2000000 metres, 5000000 metres, 10000000 metres, 20000000 metres, 50000000 metres, 100000000 metres, 200000000 metres, 500000000 metres, 1000000000 metres, 2000000000 metres, 5000000000 metres, 10000000000 metres, 20000000000 metres, 50000000000 metres, 100000000000 metres, 200000000000 metres, 500000000000 metres, 1000000000000 metres, 2000000000000 metres, 5000000000000 metres, 10000000000000 metres, 20000000000000 metres, 50000000000000 metres, 100000000000000 metres, 200000000000000 metres, 500000000000000 metres, 1000000000000000 metres, 2000000000000000 metres, 5000000000000000 metres, 10000000000000000 metres, 20000000000000000 metres, 50000000000000000 metres, 100000000000000000 metres, 200000000000000000 metres, 500000000000000000 metres, 1000000000000000000 metres, 2000000000000000000 metres, 5000000000000000000 metres, 10000000000000000000 metres, 20000000000000000000 metres, 50000000000000000000 metres, 100000000000000000000 metres, 200000000000000000000 metres, 500000000000000000000 metres, 1000000000000000000000 metres, 2000000000000000000000 metres, 5000000000000000000000 metres, 10000000000000000000000 metres, 20000000000000000000000 metres, 50000000000000000000000 metres, 100000000000000000000000 metres, 200000000000000000000000 metres, 500000000000000000000000 metres, 1000000000000000000000000 metres, 2000000000000000000000000 metres, 5000000000000000000000000 metres, 10000000000000000000000000 metres, 20000000000000000000000000 metres, 50000000000000000000000000 metres, 1000000000

Europe is envious as we worry

The problem is world-wide. In Brazil, Pelé's Santos team, on the evidence of its trainer, scarcely has time to prepare, so brutally demanding is its programme.

Danny Graham, manager of the Welsh Dynmaestwys team and once its captain, sounds a bleak warning: "There's just too much football. I think the players are getting sold out about the 30th mark because they're playing just too high an average a season. In the 50s, if we got through under 50, that was reasonable: now, the average is about 60. I'd be bound to knock the players out earlier." Of course it is.

[illegible]

OMEGA

A genuine new design
made in Switzerland
R.A.F. Approved. Fully
inspected. Swiss
movement in stainless
steel screw
case. Breguet hair-
springs. Leather
strap. Wrist
guarantee.

£15 p. & p.
18s. 6d.

(LONGINES also
available. A few of both
make. The com-
monists of which we
have placed this New
to Wilson and
cases for KTC-50.

WIND-AIR OPTRONICS
J3441. C. R. W. I.

DRAWS:

Laeis United, Tottenham, Chesterfield, Southend United, Bristol Bevers.

Charlton v. Heli, Aston Villa v. Plymouth, Barnsey v. Walsall, Liverpool v. Nottingham F., Bristol G. v. Millwall, Lincoln v. Vale, Wy. Brighton, Chester v. Cambridge U., Portsmouth v. Middles-

Brian Glanville

admits the insufficient protection given to ball players by referees. When a ball player is "hit" the first time, he says, he looks to the referee for help. If he does not get it, he is likely to get rid of the ball next time, rather than try to beat his man, knowing full well what will happen if he does.

If only Sir Alf Ramsey and England could set an example to the clubs at large, both by discouraging ball players, and by discouraging rough tactics. Yet

or a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than an unorthodox player to get into the England team. While far from disavowing the destructive player, the FA's attitude is to have a positive effect to have one in his side. No need to name names.

In these circumstances, the experiment with the offside law may be seen as a symptom rather than a cure. Ken Aston, of FIFA's Referees Committee, is undoubtedly right when he says that it would need a two-year experiment to assess FIFA's change. Whatever the intervening effect, the final one would be to make the game still more defensive.

Certainly, as we saw last season in Leeds, the offside law needs tightening, but the way to do it is simply to abolish the criterion "interfering with the play," which can referrees with intolerable dilemmas.

Most important of all, there is the problem of too much football, which it seems that only the players and their union can solve. It is all very well for the Football League to brag about the lethargy of jerrylubid competitors, all very well for RBC television executives, like Mr Sam Reich, to look blithely ahead to a

The problem is world-wide. In Brazil, Pelé's Santos team, on the evidence of its trainer, scarcely has time to prepare, so brutally demanding is its programme. Bowen, manager of the Welsh international team and once its captain, sounds a bleak warning: "There's just too much football. I think the players are getting sold out about the 30 minutes because they're playing just high an average a season. In the 50s, if we got through under 50, that was reasonable; now, the average is about 60. It's bound to knock the players out earlier." Of course it is.

1.

Dean's defender goes into the attack

By Dan van der Vat, Pretoria

THE MAIN feature of the trial of the Dean of Johannesburg for anyone who is a regular observer of South Africa's political trials is an overpowering sense of déjà vu.

The trial opened last Monday, went on all week and is expected to continue for at least another fortnight. The Dean faces an indictment under the Terrorism Act, South Africa's toughest security law. The burden of the indictment's 38 pages is that the Very Rev Gonville Aubrey French-Bestag allegedly engaged in subversion aimed at the violent overthrow of the South African government. He pleads not guilty.

It is not as if the South African legal machine puts a senior churchman on trial on a charge like this every week. In fact it has never happened before. But the overwhelming feeling of having seen it all before remains.

The reason is that over the years the South African legal system has acquired what might be termed a legal repertoire company for handling political cases. The principal actors in these protracted dramas are broadly the same every time. Only the script—and the defendant—is different.

Leading for the state Mr J. H. Liebenberg, a stocky Afrikaner with a shock of iron-grey hair, a sallow complexion, a soft high-pitched voice, and a bottomless supply of questions. A secretive half-smile sometimes plays round

his lips as he examines a witness, as if to imply that Mr Liebenberg knows something that nobody else knows.

Equally inevitable, the man in charge of the defence is the country's best barrister, the indefatigable Mr Sidney Kentridge, a mellifluous English-speaking South African with a deceptively urbane, gentlemanly approach to his deadly cross-examinations.

Long-serving observers of these trials could be forgiven for thinking that Mr Liebenberg and Mr Kentridge have been locked in mortal combat for as long as the Flying Dutchman has been trying to round the Cape of Good Hope. Certainly in every major political trial they have been in since the Fifties they have been calling each other "My learned friend."

At one of the more recent famous South African trials, for example, in 1968, when two journalists were tried for publishing articles about prison conditions in South Africa, we did not merely have the inevitable Liebenberg-Kentridge confrontation. Their respective junior barristers were the same as they are for the Dean's trial.

Even the judge in this trial is the man who delivered a 40,000 word summing up in the prisons trial, Mr Justice Cille, the Judge President of the Transvaal. There are no juries in South Africa,

where the legal system is Roman-Dutch, and as this is a summary trial the judge has no assessors to help him.

The setting is also the same as in many previous political trials—the old synagogue in Pretoria, with its appalling acoustics. Apart from the judge's bench and the South African coat of arms, the building has changed little since it ceased to be a Jewish place of worship and became the most famous court in the land. Even the gallery, once occupied by the female members of the Jewish congregation, survives intact. Part of it is set aside exclusively for Africans, and a handful of them have watched the proceedings every day from on high.

The superficialities of the trial procedure are rather English—the judge's robes, the gown of counsel, the "my lords" and "my learned friends." But the absence of wigs, the modern recording machine used by the court reporter, the unfamiliar legal terminology, and the lack of a jury box or even a dock sound like the impression of the Old Bailey has temporarily moved to the Veld.

The main feature of the first week of the trial has been the marathon struggle between Mr Kentridge and Mr Louis Jordaan, who, according to the evidence, was a part-time secret agent for the Security Police under orders



The Dean: his turn will come

to pose as a friend of the Dean and report back on his conversations with him. Mr Kentridge used the term "agent provocateur."

Mr Jordaan is a lantern-jawed and fiddling short man in his late thirties, smartly and fashionably dressed, and the same penchant for brightly coloured shirts as most of the other Security Police witnesses. He walks into court in a manner vaguely reminiscent of the late Alan Ladd.

In the witness box he found it difficult to keep still. He would massage his shoulder as if it were his back. He would hitch up his belt. He would drum his fingers on the side of the box. But the ordeal through which he was put by Mr Kentridge was a considerable one, with the patient aim of destroying his credibility.

It is for the judge to decide who

"won", but there was no doubt on the matter among many of the hundred or so spectators who attended every day, filling the public sections of the courtroom.

But what of the Dean himself? Although the outcome of this trial, which has commanded world attention because he is the defendant, is to him literally vital—some of the offences of which he is accused can carry the death penalty—he has so far played no part in this drama. His turn will come when, towards the end of the trial, he goes into the box to face cross-examination by Mr Liebenberg.

In the meantime he sits between his legal team and the foreign Press making the occasional note, sometimes doodling, sometimes whispering to his counsel, sometimes resting his head on his hands on the table for a few moments. During the

frequent recesses, he lights a cigarette and talks cheerfully enough to the churchmen among the spectators, or to friends. There is obviously a lot of sympathy for him among the audience. There have been occasional titters among spectators which the judge has quelled with a call for order.

As for the prosecution, which will continue to present its case in the coming week, it has not had the best of luck with its exhibits.

In the first couple of days, the state—faced with several requests from the defence for documents—had to reply that they had disappeared. Later in the week they were produced after a search of police files. The court was told that the notes Mr Jordaan had made in a notebook after conversations with the Dean had been destroyed. The same thing happened to the original typed and signed version of a report on the Dean by another police spy, the court learned.

On Friday a police witness identified a photograph of a cupboard as the place where he said he had found illegal pamphlets in the Dean's flat. Mr Kentridge disputed this and eventually the witness agreed that it was, in fact, a picture of another cupboard in another room.

It was difficulties like these which led Mr Kentridge to permit himself one of his rare asides, in which he referred to the "lost and found department."

The judge adjourning the case on Tuesday was clearly annoyed at the state, as he put it, "to get its exhibits in order." Thus ended the first week of a trial which shows every sign of claiming a prominent place in South African legal history.

● Peter Lennon is on holiday.

SECOND OPINION

By Alan B

UNTIL 25, I lived entirely off other people. For the first half of that time, I was subsidised by my parents, but then even they began to be paid a small fee to send me to grammar school. Then there were three years in the RAF, and three years at Oxford, when I was a pensioner of the taxpayers. The justification for all this private and public expenditure was that I was being trained and educated to be of some kind of use to the nation.

Think of all the subjects I must have studied, and I can't even remember their names. Think of all the books that went into my eyes and ears, and the other. Think of all the lectures that didn't even go into one ear. But I must have known something about something some time, because I used to be able to pick it all up again to examinations scribbling against the clock.

These reflections occurred to me this week (a) because I thought they would lead to a book to get down to the real subject of this article, which is the Tate Gallery, and (b) because, as I realised that, though I had trodden this path at least three times before, I could only remember one picture.

I don't suppose it is a work on Lord Clark's list, or that anyone would get up a fund to save it from being sold to America. But it embodied itself on my eye-balls, and there it was—the Fairy Queen, by William Dyce, painted in 1843. As Whistler remarked of Frith's Derby Day, "Is it really all done by hand?" I wondered. For nine years, 1835 to 1844, Dyce laboured away producing this on a matted, almost insular, miniaturist's vision of an enchanted wood, daisies as tall as lamp-posts, nuts like footballs, where a midge cast from some Midsummer's Night's Dream gather to watch the magical nature, for great primary colours, and just intruding a few vast empty space, polystyrene patches begin to think that could invent these things could nursery.

Art, my art, anyone with a tape a paintroller, I can to Elsworth Kelly, tangle just slightly a white background, Rothko's sombre mauve windows out have an undeniable emotional impact, extravagant to modern dance of when you see Spanish Painting.

But these are due to this vast storehouse enjoyment must a selves, I'm afraid I National Gallery my only I'd been educ

MY FRIEND Pen writes from America a fact wrong about day, Bloody Sunday screaming is, she and she is the so stated in the scene

Heath-n

My favourite Hogarth, so improbable a contrast with his scenes of lovely middle-class families or ghastly proletarian debauches, is *Satan, Sin and Death*—a naked lady in a tulle of snakes feeding off a winged ruffian forward with spear and shield and also a dwarfish skeleton with a hangover. But this was no longer on show, nor was the room full of other later devotions of the sublime and the Picturesque, like the Swiss fantasist Fuseli. So I hurried on, through the entire Eighteenth Century with an apologetic nod to Reynolds, Gainsborough and Wilson (Wilson?).

I was in search of Turner, one of the glories of the Tate. In art, I respond to detail, energy, and virtuosity. What I knew would be in those five rooms were the invigorating, exciting, semi-abstracts (even the experts put a query after "Venice" sometimes) like an explosion in a dried egg factory, whirlpools of water-ice

white and brown. Rorschach tests in I think I am ballu spot weird creatu ing in the maelstrom the inscription—A Sun, or Sunrise, w stars. Even in s tions. Earlier Crossing the Broo of the man force exactly what he w Blake, the Tate's showpiece, never qu though I admire h what they were to audiences. The La Old Home, and the Board, and the B Bride—I could am dialogue for ever am tlebing to u painter and ask w got the plot right. Dawn, is the gir granny she is pregn husband been di When I get room entrance and start I shall not get so from the modern s no one with any c can help responsi post-war producti cheap and show t study all the inge tals in The Meta Narcissus, visual p across a Martian la though I admire h what they were to audiences. The La Old Home, and the Board, and the B Bride—I could am dialogue for ever am tlebing to u painter and ask w got the plot right. Dawn, is the gir granny she is pregn husband been di When I get room entrance and start I shall not get so from the modern s no one with any c can help responsi post-war producti cheap and show t study all the inge tals in The Meta Narcissus, visual p across a Martian la though I admire h what they were to audiences. The La Old Home, and the Board, and the B Bride—I could am dialogue for ever am tlebing to u painter and ask w got the plot right. Dawn, is the gir granny she is pregn husband been di When I get room entrance and start I shall not get so from the modern s no one with any c can help responsi post-war producti cheap and show t study all the inge tals in The Meta Narcissus, visual p across a Martian la though I admire h what they were to audiences. The La Old Home, and the Board, and the B Bride—I could am dialogue for ever am tlebing to u painter and ask w got the plot right. Dawn, is the gir granny she is pregn husband been di When I get room entrance and start I shall not get so from the modern s no one with any c can help responsi post-war producti cheap and show t study all the inge tals in The Meta Narcissus, visual p across a Martian la though I admire h what they were to audiences. The La Old Home, and the Board, and the B Bride—I could am dialogue for ever am tlebing to u painter and ask w got the plot right. Dawn, is the gir granny she is pregn husband been di When I get room entrance and start I shall not get so from the modern s no one with any c can help responsi post-war producti cheap and show t study all the inge tals in The Meta Narcissus, visual p across a Martian la though I admire h what they were to audiences. The La Old Home, and the Board, and the B Bride—I could am dialogue for ever am tlebing to u painter and ask w got the plot right. Dawn, is the gir granny she is pregn husband been di When I get room entrance and start I shall not get so from the modern s no one with any c can help responsi post-war producti cheap and show t study all the inge tals in The Meta Narcissus, visual p across a Martian la though I admire h what they were to audiences. The La Old Home, and the Board, and the B Bride—I could am dialogue for ever am tlebing to u painter and ask w got the plot right. Dawn, is the gir granny she is pregn husband been di When I get room entrance and start I shall not get so from the modern s no one with any c can help responsi post-war producti cheap and show t study all the inge tals in The Meta Narcissus, visual p across a Martian la though I admire h what they were to audiences. The La Old Home, and the Board, and the B Bride—I could am dialogue for ever am tlebing to u painter and ask w got the plot right. Dawn, is the gir granny she is pregn husband been di When I get room entrance and start I shall not get so from the modern s no one with any c can help responsi post-war producti cheap and show t study all the inge tals in The Meta Narcissus, visual p across a Martian la though I admire h what they were to audiences. The La Old Home, and the Board, and the B Bride—I could am dialogue for ever am tlebing to u painter and ask w got the plot right. Dawn, is the gir granny she is pregn husband been di When I get room entrance and start I shall not get so from the modern s no one with any c can help responsi post-war producti cheap and show t study all the inge tals in The Meta Narcissus, visual p across a Martian la though I admire h what they were to audiences. The La Old Home, and the Board, and the B Bride—I could am dialogue for ever am tlebing to u painter and ask w got the plot right. Dawn, is the gir granny she is pregn husband been di When I get room entrance and start I shall not get so from the modern s no one with any c can help responsi post-war producti cheap and show t study all the inge tals in The Meta Narcissus, visual p across a Martian la though I admire h what they were to audiences. The La Old Home, and the Board, and the B Bride—I could am dialogue for ever am tlebing to u painter and ask w got the plot right. Dawn, is the gir granny she is pregn husband been di When I get room entrance and start I shall not get so from the modern s no one with any c can help responsi post-war producti cheap and show t study all the inge tals in The Meta Narcissus, visual p across a Martian la though I admire h what they were to audiences. The La Old Home, and the Board, and the B Bride—I could am dialogue for ever am tlebing to u painter and ask w got the plot right. Dawn, is the gir granny she is pregn husband been di When I get room entrance and start I shall not get so from the modern s no one with any c can help responsi post-war producti cheap and show t study all the inge tals in The Meta Narcissus, visual p across a Martian la though I admire h what they were to audiences. The La Old Home, and the Board, and the B Bride—I could am dialogue for ever am tlebing to u painter and ask w got the plot right. Dawn, is the gir granny she is pregn husband been di When I get room entrance and start I shall not get so from the modern s no one with any c can help responsi post-war producti cheap and show t study all the inge tals in The Meta Narcissus, visual p across a Martian la though I admire h what they were to audiences. The La Old Home, and the Board, and the B Bride—I could am dialogue for ever am tlebing to u painter and ask w got the plot right. Dawn, is the gir granny she is pregn husband been di When I get room entrance and start I shall not get so from the modern s no one with any c can help responsi post-war producti cheap and show t study all the inge tals in The Meta Narcissus, visual p across a Martian la though I admire h what they were to audiences. The La Old Home, and the Board, and the B Bride—I could am dialogue for ever am tlebing to u painter and ask w got the plot right. Dawn, is the gir granny she is pregn husband been di When I get room entrance and start I shall not get so from the modern s no one with any c can help responsi post-war producti cheap and show t study all the inge tals in The Meta Narcissus, visual p across a Martian la though I admire h what they were to audiences. The La Old Home, and the Board, and the B Bride—I could am dialogue for ever am tlebing to u painter and ask w got the plot right. Dawn, is the gir granny she is pregn husband been di When I get room entrance and start I shall not get so from the modern s no one with any c can help responsi post-war producti cheap and show t study all the inge tals in The Meta Narcissus, visual p across a Martian la though I admire h what they were to audiences. The La Old Home, and the Board, and the B Bride—I could am dialogue for ever am tlebing to u painter and ask w got the plot right. Dawn, is the gir granny she is pregn husband been di When I get room entrance and start I shall not get so from the modern s no one with any c can help responsi post-war producti cheap and show t study all the inge tals in The Meta Narcissus, visual p across a Martian la though I admire h what they were to audiences. The La Old Home, and the Board, and the B Bride—I could am dialogue for ever am tlebing to u painter and ask w got the plot right. Dawn, is the gir granny she is pregn husband been di When I get room entrance and start I shall not get so from the modern s no one with any c can help responsi post-war producti cheap and show t study all the inge tals in The Meta Narcissus, visual p across a Martian la though I admire h what they were to audiences. The La Old Home, and the Board, and the B Bride—I could am dialogue for ever am tlebing to u painter and ask w got the plot right. Dawn, is the gir granny she is pregn husband been di When I get room entrance and start I shall not get so from the modern s no one with any c can help responsi post-war producti cheap and show t study all the inge tals in The Meta Narcissus, visual p across a Martian la though I admire h what they were to audiences. The La Old Home, and the Board, and the B Bride—I could am dialogue for ever am tlebing to u painter and ask w got the plot right. Dawn, is the gir granny she is pregn husband been di When I get room entrance and start I shall not get so from the modern s no one with any c can help responsi post-war producti cheap and show t study all the inge tals in The Meta Narcissus, visual p across a Martian la though I admire h what they were to audiences. The La Old Home, and the Board, and the B Bride—I could am dialogue for ever am tlebing to u painter and ask w got the plot right. Dawn, is the gir granny she is pregn husband been di When I get room entrance and start I shall not get so from the modern s no one with any c can help responsi post-war producti cheap and show t study all the inge tals in The Meta Narcissus, visual p across a Martian la though I admire h what they were to audiences. The La Old Home, and the Board, and the B Bride—I could am dialogue for ever am tlebing to u painter and ask w got the plot right. Dawn, is the gir granny she is pregn husband been di When I get room entrance and start I shall not get so from the modern s no one with any c can help responsi post-war producti cheap and show t study all the inge tals in The Meta Narcissus, visual p across a Martian la though I admire h what they were to audiences. The La Old Home, and the Board, and the B Bride—I could am dialogue for ever am tlebing to u painter and ask w got the plot right. Dawn, is the gir granny she is pregn husband been di When I get room entrance and start I shall not get so from the modern s no one with any c can help responsi post-war producti cheap and show t study all the inge tals in The Meta Narcissus, visual p across a Martian la though I admire h what they were to audiences. The La Old Home, and the Board, and the B Bride—I could am dialogue for ever am tlebing to u painter and ask w got the plot right. Dawn, is the gir granny she is pregn husband been di When I get room entrance and start I shall not get so from the modern s no one with any c can help responsi post-war producti cheap and show t study all the inge tals in The Meta Narcissus, visual p across a Martian la though I admire h what they were to audiences. The La Old Home, and the Board, and the B Bride—I could am dialogue for ever am tlebing to u painter and ask w got the plot right. Dawn, is the gir granny she is pregn husband been di When I get room entrance and start I shall not get so from the modern s no one with any c can help responsi post-war producti cheap and show t study all the inge tals in The Meta Narcissus, visual p across a Martian la though I admire h what they were to audiences. The La Old Home, and the Board, and the B Bride—I could am dialogue for ever am tlebing to u painter and ask w got the plot right. Dawn, is the gir granny she is pregn husband been di When I get room entrance and start I shall not get so from the modern s no one with any c can help responsi post-war producti cheap and show t study all the inge tals in The Meta Narcissus, visual p across a Martian la though I admire h what they were to audiences. The La Old Home, and the Board, and the B Bride—I could am dialogue for ever am tlebing to u painter and ask w got the plot right. Dawn, is the gir granny she is pregn husband been di When I get room entrance and start I shall not get so from the modern s no one with any c can help responsi post-war producti cheap and show t study all the inge tals in The Meta Narcissus, visual p across a Martian la though I admire h what they were to audiences. The La Old Home, and the Board, and the B Bride—I could am dialogue for ever am tlebing to u painter and ask w got the plot right. Dawn, is the gir granny she is pregn husband been di When I get room entrance and start I shall not get so from the modern s no one with any c can help responsi post-war producti cheap and show t study all the inge tals in The Meta Narcissus, visual p across a Martian la though I admire h what they were to audiences. The La Old Home, and the Board, and the B Bride—I could am dialogue for ever am tlebing to u painter and ask w got the plot right. Dawn, is the gir granny she is pregn husband been di When I get room entrance and start I shall not get so from the modern s no one with any c can help responsi post-war producti cheap and show t study all the inge tals in The Meta Narcissus, visual p across a Martian la though I admire h what they were to audiences. The La Old Home, and the Board, and the B Bride—I could am dialogue for ever am tlebing to u painter and ask w got the plot right. Dawn, is the gir granny she is pregn husband been di When I get room entrance and start I shall not get so from the modern s no one with any c can help responsi post-war producti cheap and show t study all the inge tals in The Meta Narcissus, visual p across a Martian la though I admire h what they were to audiences. The La Old Home, and the Board, and the B Bride—I could am dialogue for ever am tlebing to u painter and ask w got the plot right. Dawn, is the gir granny she is pregn husband been di When I get room entrance and start I shall not get so from the modern s no one with any c can help responsi post-war producti cheap and show t study all the inge tals in The Meta Narcissus, visual p across a Martian la though I admire h what they were to audiences. The La Old Home, and the Board, and the B Bride—I could am dialogue for ever am tlebing to u painter and ask w got the plot right. Dawn, is the gir granny she is pregn husband been di When I get room entrance and start I shall not get so from the modern s no one with any c can help responsi post-war producti cheap and show t study all the inge tals in The Meta Narcissus, visual p across a Martian la though I admire h what they were to audiences. The La Old Home, and the Board, and the B Bride—I could am dialogue for ever am tlebing to u painter and ask w got the plot right. Dawn, is the gir granny she is pregn husband been di When I get room entrance and start I shall not get so from the modern s no one with any c can help responsi post-war producti cheap and show t study all the inge tals in The Meta Narcissus, visual p across a Martian la though I admire h what they were to audiences. The La Old Home, and the Board, and the B Bride—I could am dialogue for ever am tlebing to u painter and ask w got the plot right. Dawn, is the gir granny she is pregn husband been di When I get room entrance and start I shall not get so from the modern s no one with any c can help responsi post-war producti cheap and show t study all the inge tals in The Meta Narcissus, visual p across a Martian la though I admire h what they were to audiences. The La Old Home, and the Board, and the B Bride—I could am dialogue for ever am tlebing to u painter and ask w got the plot right. Dawn, is the gir granny she is pregn husband been di When I get room entrance and start I shall not get so from the modern s no one with any c can help responsi post-war producti cheap and show t study all the inge tals in The Meta Narcissus, visual p across a Martian la though I admire h what they were to audiences. The La Old Home, and the Board, and the B Bride—I could am dialogue for ever am tlebing to u painter and ask w got the plot right. Dawn, is the gir granny she is pregn husband been di When I get room entrance and start I shall not get so from the modern s no one with any c can help responsi post-war producti cheap and show t study all the inge tals in The Meta Narcissus, visual p across a Martian la though I admire h what they were to audiences. The La Old Home, and the Board, and the B Bride—I could am dialogue for ever am tlebing to u painter and ask w got the plot right. Dawn, is the gir granny she is pregn husband been di When I get room entrance and start I shall not get so from the modern s no one with any c can help responsi post-war producti cheap and show t study all the inge tals in The Meta Narcissus, visual p across a Martian la though I admire h what they were to audiences. The La Old Home, and the Board, and the B Bride—I could am dialogue for ever am tlebing to u painter and ask w got the plot right. Dawn, is the gir granny she is pregn husband been di When I get room entrance and start I shall not get so from the modern s no one with any c can help responsi post-war producti cheap and show t study all the inge tals in The Meta Narcissus, visual p across a Martian la though I admire h what they were to audiences. The La Old Home, and the Board, and the B Bride—I could am dialogue for ever am tlebing to u painter and ask w got the plot right. Dawn, is the gir granny she is pregn husband been di When I get room entrance and start I shall not get so from the modern s no one with any c can help responsi post-war producti cheap and show t study all the inge tals in The Meta Narcissus, visual p across a Martian la though I admire h what they were to audiences. The La Old Home, and the Board, and the B Bride—I could am dialogue for ever am tlebing to u painter and ask w got the plot right. Dawn, is the gir granny she is pregn husband been di When I get room entrance and start I shall not get so from the modern s no one with any c can help responsi post-war producti cheap and show t study all the inge tals in The Meta Narcissus, visual p across a Martian la though I admire h what they were to audiences. The La Old Home, and the Board, and the B Bride—I could am dialogue for ever am tlebing to u painter and ask w got the plot right. Dawn, is the gir granny she is pregn husband been di When I get room entrance and start I shall not get so from the modern s no one with any c can help responsi post-war producti cheap and show t study all the inge tals in The Meta Narcissus, visual p across a Martian la though I admire h what they were to audiences. The La Old Home, and the Board, and the B Bride—I could am dialogue for ever am tlebing to u painter and ask w got the plot right. Dawn, is the gir granny she is pregn husband been di When I get room entrance and start I shall not get so from the modern s no one with any c can help responsi post-war producti cheap and show t study all the inge tals in The Meta Narcissus, visual p across a Martian la though I admire h what they were to audiences. The La Old Home, and the Board, and the B Bride—I could am dialogue for ever am tlebing to u painter and ask w got the plot right. Dawn, is the gir granny she is pregn husband been di When I get room entrance and start I shall not get so from the modern s no one with any c can help responsi post-war producti cheap and show t study all the inge tals in The Meta Narcissus, visual p across a Martian la though I admire h what they were to audiences. The La Old Home, and the Board, and the B Bride—I could am dialogue for ever am tlebing to u painter and ask w got the plot right. Dawn, is the gir granny she is pregn husband been di When I get room entrance and start I shall not get so from the modern s no one with any c can help responsi post-war producti cheap and show t study all the inge tals in The Meta Narcissus, visual p across a Martian la though I admire h what they were to audiences. The La Old Home, and the Board, and the B Bride—I could am dialogue for ever am tlebing to u painter and ask w got the plot right. Dawn, is the gir granny she is pregn husband been di When I get room entrance and start I shall not get so from the modern s no one with any c can help responsi post-war producti cheap and show t study all the inge tals in The Meta Narcissus, visual p across a Martian la though I admire h what they were to audiences. The La Old Home, and the Board, and the B Bride—I could am dialogue for ever am tlebing to u painter and ask w got the plot right. Dawn, is the gir granny she is pregn husband been di When I get room entrance and start I shall not get so from the modern s no one with any c can help responsi post-war producti cheap and show t study all the inge tals in The Meta Narcissus, visual p across a Martian la though I admire h what they were to audiences. The La Old Home, and the Board, and the B Bride—I could am dialogue for ever am tlebing to u painter and ask w got the plot right. Dawn, is the gir granny she is pregn husband been di When I get room entrance and start I shall not get so from the modern s no one with any c can help responsi post-war producti cheap and show t study all the inge tals in The Meta Narcissus, visual p across a Martian la though I admire h what they were to audiences. The La Old Home, and the Board, and the B Bride—I could am dialogue for ever am tlebing to u painter and ask w got the plot right. Dawn, is the gir granny she is pregn husband been di When I get room entrance and start I shall not get so from the modern s no one with any c can help responsi post-war producti cheap and show t study all the inge tals in The Meta Narcissus, visual p across a Martian la though I admire h what they were to audiences. The La Old Home, and the Board, and the B Bride—I could am dialogue for ever am tlebing to u painter and ask w got the plot right. Dawn, is the gir granny she is pregn husband been di When I get room entrance and start I shall not get so from the modern s no one with any c can help responsi post-war producti cheap and show t study all the inge tals in The Meta Narcissus, visual p across a Martian la though I admire h what they were to audiences. The La Old Home, and the Board, and the B Bride—I could am dialogue for ever am tlebing to u painter and ask w got the plot right. Dawn, is the gir granny she is pregn husband been di When I get room entrance and start I shall not get so from the modern s no one with any c can help responsi post-war producti cheap and show t study all the inge tals in The Meta Narcissus, visual p across a Martian la though I admire h what they were to audiences. The La Old Home, and the Board, and the B Bride—I could am dialogue for ever am tlebing to u painter and ask w got the plot right. Dawn, is the gir granny she is pregn husband been di When I get room entrance and start I shall not get so from the modern s no one with any c can help responsi post-war producti cheap and show t study all the inge tals in The Meta Narcissus, visual p across a Martian la though I admire h what they were to audiences. The La Old Home, and the Board, and the B Bride—I could am dialogue for ever am tlebing to u painter and ask w got the plot right. Dawn, is the gir granny she is pregn husband been di When I get room entrance and start I shall not get so from the modern s no one with any c can help responsi post-war producti cheap and show t study all the inge tals in The Meta Narcissus, visual p across a Martian la though I admire h what they were to audiences. The La Old Home, and the Board, and the B Bride—I could am dialogue for ever am tlebing to u painter and ask w got the plot right. Dawn, is the gir granny she is pregn husband been di When I get room entrance and start I shall not get so from the modern s no one with any c can help responsi post-war producti cheap and show t study all the inge tals in The Meta Narcissus, visual p across a Martian la though I admire h what they were to audiences. The La Old Home, and the Board, and the B Bride—I could am dialogue for ever am tlebing to u painter and ask w got the plot right. Dawn, is the gir granny she is pregn husband been di When I get room entrance and start I shall not get so from the modern s no one with any c can help responsi post-war producti cheap and show t study all the inge tals in The Meta Narcissus, visual p across a Martian la though I admire h what they were to audiences. The La Old Home, and the Board, and the B Bride—I could am dialogue for ever am tlebing to u painter and ask w got the plot right. Dawn, is the gir granny she is pregn husband been di When I get room entrance and start I shall not get so from the modern s no one with any c can help responsi post-war producti cheap and show t study all the inge tals in The Meta Narcissus, visual p across a Martian la though I admire h what they were to audiences. The La Old Home, and the Board, and the B Bride—I could am dialogue for ever am tlebing to u painter and ask w got the plot right. Dawn, is the gir granny she is pregn husband been di When I get room entrance and start I shall not get so from the modern s no one with any c can help responsi post-war producti cheap and show t study all the inge tals in The Meta Narcissus, visual p across a Martian la though I admire h what they were to audiences. The La Old Home, and the Board, and the B Bride—I could am dialogue for ever am tlebing to u painter and ask w got the plot right. Dawn, is the gir granny she is pregn husband been di When I get room entrance and start I shall not get so from the modern s no one with any c can help responsi post-war producti cheap and show t study all the inge tals in The Meta Narcissus, visual p across a Martian la though I admire h what they were to audiences. The La Old Home, and the Board, and the B Bride—I could am dialogue for ever am tlebing to u painter and ask w got the plot right. Dawn, is the gir granny she is pregn husband been di When I get room entrance and start I shall not get so from the modern s no one with any c can help responsi post-war producti cheap and show t study all the inge tals in The Meta Narcissus, visual p across a Martian la though I admire h what they were to audiences. The La Old Home, and the Board, and the B Bride—I could am dialogue for ever am tlebing to u painter and ask w got the plot right. Dawn, is the gir granny she is pregn husband been di When I get room entrance and start I shall not get so from the modern s no one with any c can help responsi post-war producti cheap and show t study all the inge tals in The Meta Narcissus, visual p across a Martian la though I admire h what they were to audiences. The La Old Home, and the Board, and the B Bride—I could am dialogue for ever am tlebing to u painter and ask w got the plot right. Dawn, is the gir granny she is pregn husband been di When I get room entrance and start I shall not get so from the modern s no one with any c can help responsi post-war producti cheap and show t study all the inge tals in The Meta Narcissus, visual p across a Martian la though I admire h what they were to audiences. The La Old Home, and the Board, and the B Bride—I could am dialogue for ever am tlebing to u painter and ask w got the plot right. Dawn, is the gir granny she is pregn husband been di When I get room entrance and start I shall not get so from the modern s no one with any c can help responsi post-war producti cheap and show t study all the inge tals in The Meta Narcissus, visual p across a Martian la though I admire h what they were to audiences. The La Old Home, and the Board, and the B Bride—I could am dialogue for ever am tlebing to u painter and ask w got the plot right. Dawn, is the gir granny she is pregn husband been di When I get room entrance and start I shall not get so from the modern s no one with any c can help responsi post-war producti cheap and show t study all the inge tals in The Meta Narcissus, visual p across a Martian la though I admire h what they were to audiences. The La Old Home, and the Board, and the B Bride—I could am dialogue for ever am tlebing to u painter and ask w got the plot right. Dawn, is the gir granny she is pregn husband been di When I get room entrance and start I shall not get so from the modern s no one with any c can help responsi post-war producti cheap and show t study all the inge tals in The Meta Narcissus, visual p across a Martian la though I admire h what they were to audiences. The La Old Home, and the Board, and the B Bride—I could am dialogue for ever am tlebing to u painter and ask w got the plot right. Dawn, is the gir granny she is pregn husband been di When I get room entrance and start I shall not get so from the modern s no one with any c can help responsi post-war producti cheap and show t study all the inge tals in The Meta Narcissus, visual p across a Martian la though I admire h what they were to audiences. The La Old Home, and the Board, and the B Bride—I could am dialogue for ever am tlebing to u painter and ask w got the plot right. Dawn, is the gir granny she is pregn husband been di When I get room entrance and start I shall not get so from the modern s no one with any c can help responsi post-war producti cheap and show t study all the inge tals in The Meta Narcissus, visual p across a Martian la though I admire h what they were to audiences. The La Old Home, and the Board, and the B Bride—I could am dialogue for ever am tlebing to u painter and ask w got the plot right. Dawn, is the gir granny she is pregn husband been di When I get room entrance and start I shall not get so from the modern s no one with any c can help responsi post-war producti cheap and show t study all the inge tals in The Meta Narcissus, visual p across a Martian la though I admire h what they were to audiences. The La Old Home, and the Board, and the B Bride—I could am dialogue for ever am tlebing to u painter and ask w got the plot right. Dawn, is the gir granny she is pregn husband been di When I get room entrance and start I shall not get so from the modern s no one with any c can help responsi post-war producti cheap and show t study all the inge tals in The Meta Narcissus, visual p across a Martian la though I admire h what they were to audiences. The La Old Home, and the Board, and the B Bride—I could am dialogue for ever am tlebing to u painter and ask w got the plot right. Dawn, is the gir granny she is pregn husband been di When I get room entrance and start I shall not get so from the modern s no one with any c can help responsi post-war producti cheap and show t study all the inge tals in The Meta Narcissus, visual p across a Martian la though I admire h what they were to audiences. The La Old Home, and the Board, and the B Bride—I could am dialogue for ever am tlebing to u painter and ask w got the plot right. Dawn, is the gir granny she is pregn husband been di When I get room entrance and start I shall not get so from the modern s no one with any c can help responsi post-war producti cheap and show t study all the inge tals in The Meta Narcissus, visual p across a Martian la though I admire h what they were to audiences. The La Old Home, and the Board, and the B Bride—I could am dialogue for ever am tlebing to u painter and ask w got the plot right. Dawn, is the gir granny she is pregn husband been di When I get room entrance and start I shall not get so from the modern s no one with any c can help responsi post-war producti cheap and show t study all the inge tals in The Meta Narcissus, visual p across a Martian la though I admire h what they were to audiences. The La Old Home, and the Board, and the B Bride—I could am dialogue for ever am tlebing to u painter and ask w got the plot right. Dawn, is the gir granny she is pregn husband been di When I get room entrance and start I shall not get so from the modern s no one with any c can help responsi post-war producti cheap and show t study all the inge tals in The Meta Narcissus, visual p across a Martian la though I admire h what they were to audiences. The La Old Home, and the Board, and the B Bride—I could am dialogue for ever am tlebing to u painter and ask w got the plot right. Dawn, is the gir granny she is pregn husband been di When I get room entrance and start I shall not get so from the modern s no one with any c can help responsi post-war producti cheap and show t study all the inge tals in The Meta Narcissus, visual p across a Martian la though I admire h what they were to audiences. The La Old Home, and the Board, and the B Bride—I could am dialogue for ever am tlebing to u painter and ask w got the plot right. Dawn, is the gir granny she is pregn husband been di When I get room entrance and start I shall not get so from the modern s no one with any c can help responsi post-war producti cheap and show t study all the inge tals in The Meta Narcissus, visual p across a Martian la though I admire h what they were to audiences. The La Old Home, and the Board, and the B Bride—I could am dialogue for ever am tlebing to u painter and ask w got the plot right. Dawn, is the gir granny she is pregn husband been di When I get room entrance and start I shall not get so from the modern s no one with any c can help responsi post-war producti cheap and show t study all the inge tals in The Meta Narcissus, visual p across a Martian la though I admire h what they were to audiences. The La Old Home, and the Board, and the B Bride—I could am dialogue for ever am tlebing to u painter and ask w got the plot right. Dawn, is the gir granny she is pregn husband been di When I get room entrance and start I shall not get so from the modern s no one with any c can help responsi post-war producti cheap and show t study all the inge tals in The Meta Narcissus, visual p across a Martian la though I admire h what they were to audiences. The La Old Home, and the Board, and the B Bride—I could am dialogue for ever am tlebing to u painter and ask w got the plot right. Dawn, is the gir granny she is pregn husband been di When I get room entrance and start I shall not get so from the modern s no one with any c can help responsi post-war producti cheap and show t study all the inge tals in The Meta Narcissus, visual p across a Martian la though I admire h what they were to audiences. The La Old Home, and the Board, and the B Bride—I could am dialogue for ever am tlebing to u painter and ask w got the plot right. Dawn, is the gir granny she is pregn husband been di When I get room entrance and start I shall not get so from the modern s no one with any c can help responsi post-war producti cheap and show t study all the inge tals in The Meta Narcissus, visual p across a Martian la though I admire h what they were to audiences. The La Old Home, and the Board, and the B Bride—I could am dialogue for ever am tlebing to u painter and ask w got the plot right. Dawn, is the gir granny she is pregn husband been di When I get room entrance and start I shall not get so from the modern s no one with any c can help responsi post-war producti cheap and show t study all the inge tals in The Meta Narcissus, visual p across a Martian la though I admire h what they were to audiences. The La Old Home, and the Board, and the B Bride—I could am dialogue for ever am tlebing to u painter and ask w got the plot right. Dawn, is the gir granny she is pregn husband been di When I get room entrance and start I shall not get so from the modern s no one with any c can help responsi post-war producti cheap and show t study all the inge tals in The Meta Narcissus